HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. I.—NO. 27.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1857. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. IV.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

A Visitor. — Mohammed Bey. — Our Acquaintance. — Fourth of July at Hebron.—An Oration.—A free-and-easy Turk.—Champagne and Repentance.—A Moonlight Walk.—Night over Jerusalem.

THE row among my Arabs which interrupted my last was occasioned by the approach of a visitor. Mohammed Bey, a resident of Damascus, a wealthy and intelligent Turkish gentleman, who is an old friend of mine, having heard in Jerusalem that I was here in the Valley, did me the honor to come down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat and see me. A great favorite among the Bedouins every where, his approach elicited shouts which were unusual in my quiet guard. I went out hastily, and met the Bey just at the Pillar of Absalom—that melancholy memorial of a disobedient son, at which Jews, Turks, and Infidels hurl stones as they pass by. It stands a hundred yards from my tent. The rain was still pouring. The more thanks to him for taking the trouble to come down the muddy valley.

I gave him a seat on my bed, a pipe of Latakea, and a cup of coffee. In a few hours the sun broke out of the western cloud-banks and poured a flood of splendor over the minarets of Omar and Olivet. The red masses, brilliant and bloody, went flying eastward to the wilderness, and the day went down calm, and clear, and beautiful, and I still sat talking with the best of Pashas and most gentlemanly of Turks.

Mohammed Bey is my friend. Our friendship commenced in an amusing way. We had a glorious time of it one day at Hebron, keeping Fourth of July in approved Yankee style. It happened curiously enough. I was one of a party of Americans who had arrived from the desert three days previously, and were waiting at Hebron the arrival of some of our friends from Jerusalem, who had sent a courier down to meet us, and to say they would pass the Fourth with us at the Oak of Abraham. We accordingly pitched our tents there, a mile or so from Hebron, and, though it was hot and sultry, it was not unlike home July weather. The first day of our stay was distinguished by the arrival of a wealthy Turkish gentleman and his suite, from Akabah, close behind me. He was on his way to Damascus. An attack of dyspepsia brought him to our tents for some remedy, and Joe B——, a very fast boy indeed, gave him a glass of Champagne, which so pleased him that he took another, and the next day came for another. So three or four days slipped along and our friends arrived on the third. All our tents were pitched around the great Oak of Abraham, so called, on the plains of Mamre; and on the morning of the Fourth we threw open the largest tent and had a celebration, and he joined us with all his followers.

I delivered the oration myself. I have delivered several Fourth of July orations, and I know the ropes. There was plenty of the Flag, and a reasonable amount of Liberty and Equality. Let me tell you it was a fine chance for a Fourth of July oration, and you may trust me I made the best use of my opportunities.

The Bey didn't understand it, but he enjoyed it mightily. He laughed till the tears ran down his beard. Not at what I said, of course, for he didn't understand a word; probably, therefore, it was at me. My friend, Judge Thompson, read the Declaration of Independence (from memory), and the Bey laughed louder than before. This time I interpreted to him, and he seemed to think it was a capital joke. The best these Orientals can make out of us and our government is that it's all a joke, serious sometimes, as in Koszta's case, but generally funny. Then came the dinner and the toasts, and he laughed more and more. He drank Champagne with Mrs. T., and, having once been in England, he had the hang of an after-dinner speech; and on his health being drunk, he responded with some compliment to her bright eyes. (If the very lovely person who lent the charm of her presence that day to the tent-scene is in America and sees this printed, she will pardon me for recalling one of the strangest scenes in my recollection, with which her exceeding enjoyment of it is always inseparably connected.)

It was a curious scene. His officers and servants crowded around, and the wine we had ordered down from Jerusalem vanished rapidly down their irreligious throats. I ought not to call it wine, since they did not. Champagne is for some reason considered by most Moslems an allowable drink, and many intelligent and excellent men, like my friend, who strictly refuse ordinary wine, drink Champagne, and sometimes brandy.

Houssein was with me then as now, nor shall I soon forget the astonishment his countenance exhibited when the Judge's son, a bright and mischievous boy, explained to him the mystery of Chinese fire-crackers. Houssein's horror cost us a wine-glass out of the canteen, and provoked Mohammed Bey to louder fun.

He was a keen observer of men, and though he drank freely there was no one of the party less affected by the wine than he. Polite, affable, and dignified, he was at the same time full of the spirit of the occasion, and was polite enough to say he wished it was always Fourth of July, and he could always spend it with Americans.

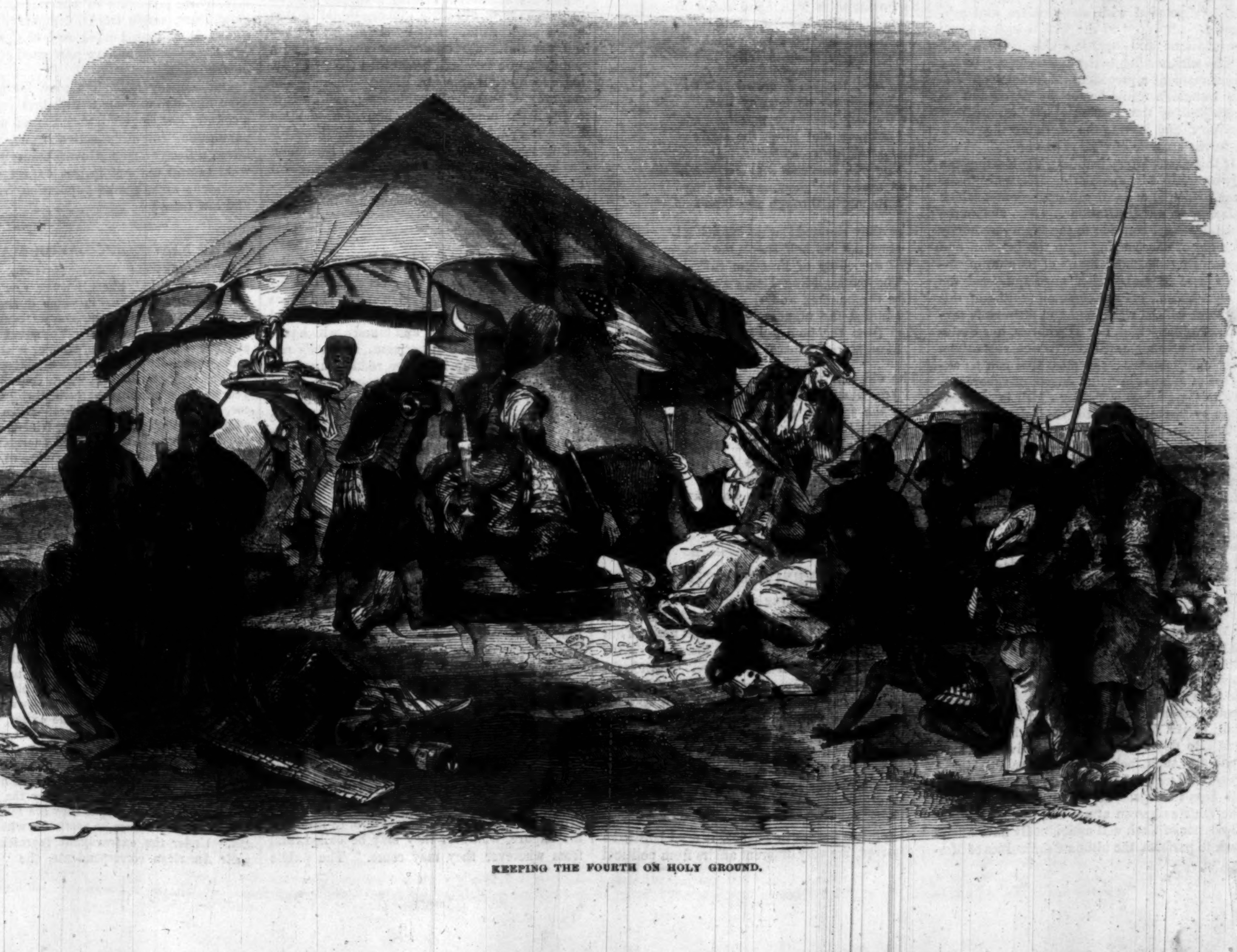
An unlucky incident had nearly spoiled the day's sport. An extra half dozen of Champagne, set aside for the canteen, fell into the hands of the Bey's scribe and the cadi who attended him, with one or two officers, and I am sorry to say they got most uproariously drunk. The Bey was chagrined and angry; but Judge Thompson smoothed the matter over, and undertook to see the hilarious representative of the clergy of Islam to his tent in safety.

I am not certain what the Judge's friends in Massachusetts would have thought, could they have seen him helping the Mohammedan clergyman along that evening. The worthy Turk depended heavily on the jurist, and, as he swung along, uttered some sentences which, had the Judge been on the bench and known Arabic, would have led to the necessity of a fine. But it was the Fourth of July. After the day's fun was over, and the tents were closed, and the Arabs lay sleeping in the night-air around us, we formed a cozy circle in Mrs. T.'s tent, and talked of the country we so loved and so much wished to see.

The next morning Mohammed Bey had a headache and was a little repentant. It is usually the case with Arabs or Yankees in such circumstances. There are a great many penitent people of a morning on the 5th of July. He sent over to my tent, for he had it in remembrance that I had endeavored to restrain my young friends from drinking, and that I did not drink wine myself. I frankly confess a detestation of Champagne. I went across to see him, and that morning we cemented a friendship which has lasted till this day. We have met often since, traveled together two months at one time, and it was therefore with no slight pleasure that I gave the day and evening to his company when he came to see me here at Jerusalem.

We smoked and talked, and the hours sped along. How swiftly the hours fly over these Eastern skies! Life seems not half long enough to enjoy wandering up and down the hills over which I have been so long a rover.

Silence came with night. We sat and dreamed. The servants brought dinner, wine, and coffee. The Pasha refused wine. In the moonlight we walked down the valley. The fountain at the Pool of Siloam murmured pleasantly, and we sat down by the side of it. A troop of Bedouin horsemen came dashing up the valley from Engeddi, and paused before us. The leader sprang to the ground as he recognized my companion, bowed low, and pressed the Bey's hand to his forehead and his lips, then silently remounted and rode on. An owl fluttered in the air overhead, and soon sent his sharp scream down from the caverns near Siloan village, across the valley. A dog on Mount



KEEPING THE FOURTH ON HOLY GROUND.

Zion answered with a bark, and the shrill cry of jackals above us on the Hill of Aceldama rang up the valley of the sons of Hinnom. So the nights of these later years pass, with the cry of the owl and the wail of the jackal, over desolate Jerusalem.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 4, 1857.

THE QUESTION OF THE MORMONS.

If evidence were wanting to show the peculiar difficulties which environ the Mormon question, the speech of Senator Douglas, delivered a few days since, would supply the deficiency. In that speech—which bears evidence of being the fruit of mature reflection—the Senator states that the Mormons were erected into a Territory of the United States on the erroneous impression that they were citizens owing allegiance to this Government; that it turns out they are alien enemies; and that the natural course to take with regard to them is to repeal the Territorial Act, resume possession of the Territory in the name of the United States, and hold the Mormons liable to the laws of the United States in the nearest District Courts, namely, those of California.

This violent cutting of the Mormon knot has afforded the political opponents of Senator Douglas a plausible opportunity of charging him with renouncing his well-known doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty. And no wonder; for really it is stretching the facts rather far to interpret them as constituting a deliberate renunciation by the Mormons of their allegiance to the United States Government—or rather, to find in them evidence that the Mormons never became or intended to become citizens, but have been always and are still alien enemies.

The facts, as established on reliable evidence, will bear no such construction, justify no such assumption. For years the Mormons have undoubtedly been self-confessed and tolerably peaceable citizens. They have never pretended, nor has any one ever charged them with owing allegiance to any other authorities than those of their Territory and those of the United States. Until latterly they invariably spoke of the United States Government as loyal citizens should. Brigham Young accepted a commission from the President, which he has never resigned, and under which he still holds over. Other United States officers have for years exercised their functions in the Territory without disturbance. Till the late riots, no single occurrence in the history of Salt Lake settlement can be said to have shaken the bond which united that Territory to the Union. Where, then, is the evidence of alienage? Where the ground for disfranchising these people?

This scheme of repealing Territorial Acts is open to grave objections. Suppose a new Territory carved, in any future year of grace, out of New Mexico, and organized on the basis of the Kansas and Nebraska acts; suppose that Territory peopled with slaveholders, and prepared for admission to the Union with a Slave Constitution; and suppose a Congress strongly imbued with hostility to the extension of slavery; how convenient a precedent this scheme of Senator Douglas's would be for the passage of an Act repealing the Territorial Act of the new Territory, and leaving the offending slaveholders in the attitude of "alien enemies!"

If this Confederacy is to last, the blessing can only be secured by unswerving adherence to the great principle of local self-government which underlies all our institutions. Once violate the principle—once concede to the higher authority the right of encroaching upon the inferior, and overstepping the fixed limits of its administrative sphere to make itself sovereign—and the tie which connects the commonwealths of this continent will be weakened and ultimately severed. Neither cities, nor Territories, nor States will adhere to a Confederacy which costs them their independence; the most that can be expected of them is just that degree of subordination to the general authority which is compensated by the benefits of the Confederation.

The Mormons, there is reason to believe, are in contumacy. They have assaulted our officials; let us hear their story before we condemn them utterly. They marry several wives; let us teach them better. It is said they are plotting sedition; let us guard against this by sending a few soldiers to keep guard at the new Governor's door. But this lately popular idea of crushing out the Mormons, and dashing furiously upon them with horse and foot, because sensation stories have been published about Brigham Young's wives, is not up to the mark of the common sense of the age. Such absurdities as polygamy in a country where the men outnumber the women, and the poorest can afford to marry, only need, to explode them, a little time and plenty of fresh air. As to rebellion against the United States, we suspect the bulk of the Mormon community have far too much to do to make an honest living to have time for such foolery. They are thinking a great deal more of the grasshoppers than of Uncle Sam's troops. So far as we can judge, on the facts as known at present, though the new Governor of Utah will undoubtedly have a hard task to perform, the ultimate difficulties of Mormonism may be surmounted by a temperate exercise of discretion and firmness, and by the effect of time, without violating any such vital principle as the inherent sovereignty of the people of each and every separate community within the United States.

HOW THE BELL RANG.

July 4th, 1776.

There was tumult in the city,
  In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were black with people,
  Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering in corners,
  Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
  With the earnestness of speech.

As the black Atlantic currents
  Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
  So they surged against its door;
And the mingling of their voices
  Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet Street of Chestnuts
  Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
  "Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Carroll?"
  "Oh! God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
  "I am stifling!" "Stifle then!—
When a nation's life's at hazard
  We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal,
  Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in Heaven,
  On the crowd looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan
  Shed his patriot-blood in vain,
Now beheld the Soul of Freedom,
  All unconquered, rise again!

So they beat against the portal
  While all solemnly inside
The delegates to Congress,
  With but reason for their guide,
O'er a simple scroll debated,
  Which, though simple it might be,
Could shake the cliffs of England
  With the thunders of the Free!

At the portal of the State House,
  Like some beacon in a storm
Round which waves are wildly beating,
  Stood a slender, boyish form,
With his eyes fixed on the steeple
  And his ears agape with greed,
To catch the first announcement
  Of the signing of the deed.

Aloft in that high steeple
  Sat the Bellman old and gray,
He was sick of British power,
  He was sick of British pay;
So he sat with lean hand ready
  On the clapper of the bell,
When signaled from the portal,
  The happy news to tell.

See, see! the black crowd shivers
  Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy upon the portal
  Looks up and gives the sign;
And straightway at the signal
  The old Bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news waking
  Iron music through the land!

How they shouted! what rejoicing!
  How the old bell shook the air,
'Till the clang of Freedom ruffled
  The calm-gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
  Illumed the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phœnix,
  Slaughtered Liberty arose!

The old bell now is silent,
  And hushed its iron tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
  Still lives forever young.
And while we breathe the sunlight,
  On the Fourth of this July,
Let us not forget the Bellman,
  Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
Rang out our Independence,
  Which, please God, shall never die!

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

There is something so irreconcilably antagonistic in the bare ideas expressed by the words "Elections" and "Despotism," that many of our readers may not be aware that France is on the eve of electing a new Legislature. Such is the fact; the Legislature which "made the empire" expired a few weeks since, and a new body of men, charged with the business of embodying in laws the wishes of the Emperor, during the next six years, will be selected in the course of the summer. The most curious anomaly in the spectacle is the appearance of a "Republican ticket" at the head of the columns of the *Presse*, *Débats*, and *Siècle*.

Political parties in France, it need hardly be observed, are very different affairs from political parties in this country and in England. Our parties are all agreed on the fundamental principles of government, and only differ on points of detail and administration; French parties disregard details and matters of administration, and differ on the cardinal principles and form of government.

There are five parties now in France—the Imperialists, supporters of the Government of the Empire; the Orleanists, who demand the restoration of the Orleans family to the throne; the Legitimists, who go for Henry V. of Bourbon, by divine right, King; the Republicans of a moderate kind, who want a republic like that of 1848; and the Socialists, who have no fixed plan, but desire a general break-up of every thing. Of these, two—the Legitimists and the Socialists—are not engaged in the present contest; the first from choice, the second because the bare expression of their views is a penal offense. The Orleanists have coalesced with the Republicans, and obtained one name on the Paris ticket to nine Republicans. The ticket is excellent; it comprises such names as Carnot, General Cavaignac, and Goudchaux; it is supported by the influential press, the *salons*, and the *fauxbourgs*; it is in every way—in intellect, character, reputation, influence — far superior to that of the Government. Yet the Emperor makes no objection to its candidature.

This is really one of the most striking phenomena of the day; for the logical necessary consequence of the success of such a ticket throughout the country would be the overthrow of the Empire, and the trial of the Emperor for treason against the late Republic. It is doubtful whether any Government ever allowed a candidature so manifestly subversive of its very existence. In France, it seems, there is no medium between iron despotism and reckless license.

The Emperor no doubt considers himself strong enough among the *bourgeoisie* and operatives of Paris to secure the defeat of the Republican candidates. This would, of course, be a crowning triumph for him, and would go far to show that he is really the choice of the French capital at all events. That the gracious permission granted to General Cavaignac and his friends must not be implied as a general relaxation of the Imperial despotism is obvious from the high-handed energy with which the least approach to a Republican candidature has been suppressed in the departments.

DESPAIR OF OFFICE-SEEKERS.

The slow, measured, methodical pace at which Mr. Buchanan is proceeding in the distribution of the Federal patronage is driving to despair the hungry swarm of office-seekers who have haunted Washington ever since February last. Starting with the principle that no office-holder had a right to retain his office, but that he must consider himself subject to dismissal at the expiration of his term, Mr. Buchanan began his arduous task with a capital stock—in the shape of available offices—equal to that of his predecessor. But by claiming for himself the right of retaining any good man with whom he was satisfied, he avoided the first mishap which befell poor Mr. Pierce—the rage and calumny of ousted office-holders; and gave to no man the power to place him in a dilemma between appointing a certain applicant or rebelling against party dictation. Mr. Buchanan has been more successful in weathering this first Presidential storm than any of his late predecessors. But the office-seekers are in terrible agonies.

CHEAP TIPPLE.

Under the new tariff, which came into operation on the 1st of July, foreign spirits and wines are now admitted into the country at diminished rates of duty. Gin, rum, and brandy, which previously paid a hundred per cent., now only pay thirty. This is an immense reduction, which must have a corresponding effect upon consumption. If this would secure a better article at a cheaper rate to the consumer, there might be some reason for congratulation; for whatever may be individual opinion about the necessity or propriety of using spirits at all, no one can doubt the gain to health by drinking the best instead of the worst.

The greater prevalence in this than in any other country of those terrible diseases produced by the free indulgence in spirituous drinks, is owing partly to climate, but undoubtedly, to a great extent, also to the impurity of the liquors consumed. It would therefore be desirable, unquestionably, to supply, if possible, a better article so cheap that it would drive the worse one from the market. We question, however, whether this will be the result of the reduction of the duty on brandies; for the French producers have become so expert, from the scarcity and dearness of the genuine article even in France, in making up a cheaper and adulterated one, that our markets will be sure to be flooded with the latter, to the manifest disadvantage of the general consumption. It is far better for health, and morals too, that the pure spirits should be drunk, even if of native production, rather than the impure, whatever they may be called, and from wherever they may come. The public may well be on its guard against the so-called French brandy, which, under the new tariff, threatens to flood the country.

The comparatively small reduction, from forty to thirty per cent., of duty on French wines, is a mistake morally, we think, however it may be commercially defended. All agree in the advantage to the morals of the community of a cheap supply of a comparatively innocent beverage. The national sobriety of the French people has been attributed, and not without reason, to the common use of their mild wines; and there can be little doubt that we should be gainers if we had an equally cheap and innocent drink. Until our own vineyards become more fertile and abundant, it would be desirable to have an abundant and cheap supply from foreign ones.

PROTECTION TO RAILWAY PROPERTY.

The stockholders in the various railways of England have lately held a meeting to memorialize the Government against the chartering of any more railway companies. They state that they have invested $1,500,000,000 in railways, on which sum they do not draw an average of over three per cent. annual interest, and that further competition will tend to render the investment wholly unproductive.

We believe that there are about 8500 miles of railway in Great Britain, which cost an average of about $200,000 per mile. There are 25,000 miles in this country, costing an average of say $45,000 per mile; the difference in the cost arising chiefly, first, from the greater cheapness of land here; secondly, from the enormous expense of procuring parliamentary charters in England; and, thirdly, from the vastly superior manner in which railways are constructed there. In a few years it will cost the net earnings of our roads to keep them in repair.

The British railway system was undertaken on a totally different principle from ours. It was begun as a lucrative enterprise; men put their money in railways in order to make money out of them. The idea of gain from the freight and passenger business was the sole, or at least the predominating, thought in the minds of the projectors of all the British lines. Hence their admirable completeness for their purpose—the double tracks, the colossal structures, the tunnels, bridges, and viaducts which defy time. Hence, also, the necessity for parliamentary restrictions on the tariff of rates.

Our railways, on the other hand, have been, from the start, regarded by the sensible part of the community as a means, and not as an end. They have been undertaken, not to make money by carrying passengers and freight, but to develop agriculture and stimulate trade. Where it has been attempted to achieve both ends—to make money as carriers, and to open up new tracts of country or increase production in old tracts—the result has invariably been disappointment, and has often been disaster. The underlying principles of our railway system—great lines, single tracks, temporary constructions, cheap mason-work and equipment, and low fares—ought to have prevented any mistake on the point.

Our railway financiers may learn a lesson from this step of their British brethren. If, in a country like England, with a small area, dense population, intensely active trade, and high fares, railways need Government protection, what should our enterprises expect with their enormous area, sparse population, rival lines, and low rates?

THE NEW YORK LABOR MARKET.

FEMALE HOUSE-SERVANTS.

Green "help," like all other raw materials, has experienced a rise in value during the past year, notwithstanding the heavy "consignments" from Ireland and Germany. The advance in market value of this description of labor is about 25 per cent., especially on the poorer qualities; as an article of maid-of-all-work, which could be had last year at $4 per month, now readily brings $5. This, too, while tea, sugar, and beef—three household staples of which Biddy and her friends are extensive consumers—have advanced enormously; flannel and calico, moreover, remaining at about last year's figures. This sudden amelioration in the condition of the dust-pan and tea-kettle sisterhood is accounted for by a principle of political economy, namely, "Prices are regulated by the proportion of supply to demand." The immigration has been large, but the bulk of it is not "thrown upon the market," but shipped, on arrival, directly into the insatiable maw of the Great West.

At the "Labor Exchange," kept open by the Commissioners of Emigration at their head-quarters in Worth Street, there may be found a very large and ill-assorted stock of household functionaries who have just landed, and are allowed to exhibit themselves here gratuitously to employers. Here, however, to use a commercial phrase, "transactions are checked by the large views of holders." This unwashed army of female exiles, while confessing generally to a total ignorance of the very elements of housewifery, refuses to render any description of service at a less figure than "siven dollar," or "achtsen thaler" per month. They are often, however, constrained by the officials to put up with $3 and $4, as they are not allowed to remain if they refuse to work for what they can get. Under the extravagant representations of their American correspondents, the "views" of immigrants are constantly enlarging, and they will soon be prepared to offer the pleasure of their society to the inhabitants of this continent as an ample equivalent for board and wages. "*C'est ridicule!*" exclaims the benevolent Frenchman who has charge of the "Exchange," as he labors among his unruly flock in bewilderment and despair. His shoulders have writhed themselves into an inextricable shrug.

The demand for maids-of-all-work is at present chiefly from the country, where they are much wanted at $5 @ $6 per month. Biddy, however, has a deep-seated preference for a city life, and, even after long domestication in the rural districts, she sighs for the leeks and onions of the metropolis. Flirtations with policemen at the area-gate, snug suppers with stray "cousins" in the basement, and similar urban privileges, have a charm for her eyes which far exceeds any of the milk-and-water inducements held out in pastoral poetry. Biddy despises the country, and responds reluctantly to all inquiries for help from that quarter.

We quote the average rates now obtained for female house-servants at the intelligence offices:

	Per Month.
Maids of all work.—Very raw	$4
" " Average	$5
" " Good	$6 @ $7
Chambermaids.—Good	$6
Cooks.—Good	$7 @ $8
" Extra	$12 @ $16
Laundresses	$8 @ $10

The cooks who obtain the higher rates, sometimes reaching $20, are employed mostly in hotels or private families in this city. There is a demand just now for a first-rate article of cook for summer boarding-houses at $12. The "extra" cooks are mostly French and German women, who have obtained their culinary education in the restaurant kitchens, beginning in the humble capacity of scullions, and gradually attaining unto such perfection in the mysterious art as to be able to cause the delicate palates of Fifth Avenue to titillate with delight. Five or six years' education in a restaurant, during which period the pupil is supporting herself, will thus often add 75 per cent. to the market value of female labor. The average price paid for totally uneducated female bone and muscle is $60 per year, and board; the actual value thus paid would be about $150 per annum. It would take about 14 years to bring this bone and muscle up from infancy to a self-supporting point, at an average annual cost, for food and clothing, in Ireland and Germany, of $75. To the product of $75 multiplied by 14, which is $1050, add $50 for cost of landing, and we have $1100 as the total investment. On this, $150 per annum, or about 13 per cent., is returned. Comparing this with the market value of the same class of labor in the old country, we find that the operation of self-shipment has "paid" handsomely.

CHAT.

A LATE GLANCE AT DOUGLAS JERROLD.

In another column of the *Weekly* there is a record of the death and life of the author of the "Rent Day" and "The Caudle Papers," the two works by which Douglas Jerrold is best known in this country. We shall merely give our readers a glance of him as he was seen one evening at his usual nightly resort in London.

Descending the steps which lead from the Piazza in Covent Garden, we entered Evans's, that "abode of supper and of song," as it was poetically termed by its enthusiastic proprietor, who, meeting us as strangers, to do us the honors of his establishment, and having offered us preliminarily, with the well-bred air of an old courtier, a pinch of scented snuff from his golden box, led us up through a long avenue of supper-tables and resolutely happy fellows, to the highest seat of the great subterranean hall. There was much to be seen and admired by the way, if we could trust our polite host, who had, apparently, all the master-pieces of the English school of art hanging from his expansive walls. There was *the* Garrick by Reynolds, "an undoubted original"—*the* Mrs. Siddons, ditto, ditto—*the* genuine John Kemble by Lawrence—*the* Mrs. Jordan, and all *the* pretty Pollys and Dollys, *the* gentleman Johns and light-comedy Jacks of theatrical celebrity and coffee-house notoriety; and there was oracular Johnson and delightful, blundering Goldsmith, painted to the life; but there was—Thackeray, under no counterfeit presentment, but in life itself, puffing, drinking, and encoring, as life alone can puff, drink, and encore, in a genuine *chiaro oscuro* of smoke of tobacco and mist of hot whisky, through which his great, round, ruddy face was shining like a full, red tropical moon.

The comic gentleman having sung his last stave:

> "So sing and be merry, for time's on the wing;
> Who knows what to-morrow to many may bring!"

the curtain being dropped, and the last drop of punch drained, we arise simultaneously with Thackeray, who had been seated at the next table, just in front of the stage. Availing ourselves of the privileges of strangers, we watch his great towering figure striding through the crowd of tables and sitters until he takes his seat in a distant corner, where he is heartily received, with a hail fellow and renewed calls for punch, by three other evidently kindred souls. By the aid of our host, stimulated by Yankee curiosity, we are not long in doubt about the company. That large, imposing-looking gentleman who first fills our eye is some one, it matters not who. The second one is Mowbray Morris, a snug, business-like man, the general manager of the *Times;* and that little fellow there, with the sharp eagle face and long white hair all pushed back from the forehead, who seems to do all the talking and a full share of the drinking into the bargain, is Douglas Jerrold. He is evidently under the full inspiration of the occasion, and his barbed wit is flying fast and frequent; and mark how, as he speaks, he drives forward that wedge-like head of his, as if determined to open a space in the hearts of his listeners for each word he utters, and stick it there. He looks older than he is, from the whiteness of his hair and the shrunk appearance of his person, increased, doubtless, by the loose and ill-arranged dress. You would say, at first sight, that he might be sixty-five years of age; but as you watched the sharp, darting glances of his gray eyes—which, though full, seem small when concentrated in the eagerness of his animated conversation—and observe the quick, rapid movement of his features, and the lively, muscular action of his whole body, you are not surprised to learn that he is ten years younger.

But a few weeks since Jerrold thus looked, talked, and set the table in a roar. It was long after midnight when we left, and he and Thackeray and their companions were yet in the full tide of joyous conviviality. That company may have seen him since in the "abode of supper and of song," for no one was a more frequent visitor than Jerrold; but they will not see him more. How the comic song of that night comes up again to the memory, mocking sorrow, like laughter at a funeral!

> "So sing and be merry, for time's on the wing;
> Who knows what to-morrow to many may bring!"

CHANCES FOR OUR BELLES.

Our ladies are certainly in demand, as they well deserve to be, for where will you find such sculptured faces, such undulating curves of beauty, such inviting eyes, such tapering fingers, such well-cut feet, such a high-bred air of conscious superiority, such full-developed forms of—crinoline; in fine, such a desirable article, if you want to cap the climax of your magnificent establishment by installing a handsome figure, perfected according to all the rules of art, upon the tapestried pedestal of your drawing-room? So much a month, more or less, will put a Bridget in your kitchen and keep the pot a boiling; something more will secure a *bonne* fresh from Paris to keep the children clean and purify their morals; and all the other domestic utilities can be had for your dollars. So what want you of a wife but to do nothing and to become it? Then get one, if one can be had for the love of money (and there are those who are ill-natured enough to think and say she can), and trust to her for being equal to all she may undertake. Madame Shakeaway, the fashionable disciplinarian of female youth, who has had the forming of her graces, will give her a character, doubtless, as one "who understands dress and the getting up of fine things, and is suitable in every respect for a first-class family."

Desirable as our ladies undoubtedly are, it is said—to use a Wall Street figure of speech (the only kind of Wall Street figures we are cognizant of)—that there has been rather too great a production for our own market, and a large surplus left over from last winter's purchases. Is it possible that our young belles are of too fine a texture and costly a price for the home consumption? However that may be, we are rejoiced to be able to inform those whose maiden bloom, not yet brushed off by the rude hand of matrimony, has survived the late severe season of unmitigated fashion, that the prospects for the coming summer are encouraging. There is promise of a large foreign demand! So furbish up your finest graces, count out your scores of dresses, draw in your basques, spread out your crinolines, and trick off your newest bonnets, that you may burst forth like freshly-blown summer roses, to be plucked perchance by the

BEAUX FROM ABROAD.

Think of the chances at Saratoga and Newport the present season! There will be the better part of the wealth of Europe there, ready to pour out its plenty at the feet of beauty. All the sons of Plutus have come over to look after their dividends, it is said, in Wall Street; but we can assure our belles, on the best authority, that their purpose is to invest in the American stock of female charms. Paterfamilias would have presented himself with his older head if the object had been to settle an account or drive a bargain with our bankers and brokers. He would never have sent his younger sons to look after any ten or other per cent. interests of the "house." They are here, we may rest assured, on their own account, to form a copartnership with some of our beauties, with a view to their own connubial happiness and not the financial profit of the firm. We are afraid, however, they will be bewildered with the *embarras de choix*, puzzled to concentrate their affections where there is such an overflowing abundance of attraction. Who will draw the lucky numbers, and secure the youthful representatives of the millionaires Hottinguer and Fould of Paris, the Hopes of Amsterdam, Sillen of Hamburg, and the half dozen other juvenile notabilities who are just now on the wing, a fair aim for our American female sharp-shooters?

They want no vouchers, these financiers in embryo; they are of the genuine metal, turned out of a golden matrix, freshly-fledged young golden eagles, and will pass current as a circulating medium any where. Who of our wide-spread Danæs are to catch the golden shower? Expand your most expansive crinolines, and smile your most inviting welcomes, for fortune does not often distribute such *chances for our belles.*

THE FOURTH OF JULY QUESTION.

We Americans know how to do almost every thing but enjoy ourselves. We are like the old convict who, having grown gray in getting out stone during a long term in the State Prison, prayed, on being discharged, to be let in again, that he might continue to get out stone, for liberty was harder labor than he could stand at his time of life. It's so with all of us; we imprison ourselves so closely, and work so hard and continuously, that our eyes get so used to darkness, and our limbs so bent to labor, that we can not open the one to the light of enjoyment without getting an ophthalmia, or relax the other in the ease of pleasure without a twinge of rheumatic pain. *How can we get rid of the Fourth?* was the question of questions which agitated, during the week, every one above the age of infancy and fire-crackers. Our countrymen think of this holiday—about the only one in the year—as if it were the hardest day of labor of the whole three hundred and sixty-five. One proposed to shut himself up at home, barricade the doors, and plug up his ears with cotton; another was going to his store, to pass the whole day in the back office looking over his ledger; a third hoped to find relief in his cigar-box and wine-cellar; while a fourth was known to have some designs of his own upon his life if his son didn't take it for him with that great horse-pistol, with which the last ten days' practice has made the youngster so expert that he has already carried away the crown of the paternal beaver in a flying shot.

We want the social sympathy necessary for the enjoyment of pleasure and a holiday; and we want it, because we have neglected to cultivate it. If we would see more of each other as friends, and less as mere business acquaintances—not limit our visits to Wall Street, and our interchanges of thought to the prices of the market, but open the doors of our homes to the daily guest, and our hearts to a freer communion—we should acquire a habit of social feeling which would become as much a desire of our daily life as it is a necessity of its happiness.

Without the habitual social sympathy we ask for, we are better, perhaps, without holidays; for they come when we do not know what to do with them, and a sudden stoppage to the business machine only serves to throw every thing out of gear—all becomes confusion and excitement. With all due reverence for the associations of the day, who does not at night, after counting his children and his ten fingers, and finding them safe and sound, out of the gunpowder and riot, go to bed thanking Heaven that the "Glorious Fourth" is past? We have yet to learn the proper use of that blessed institution, the Holiday.

DR. FELL AND HIS CURE.

Dr. Fell has published his book, from which it appears that the remedy with which he is supposed to have been so successful in the treatment of cancer is a caustic composed of the chlorid of zinc and of our native blood-root (*sanguinaria Canadensis.*)

SOMEBODY.

Somebody's courting somebody,
Somewhere or other, to-night.
Somebody's whisp'ring to somebody,
Somebody's list'ning to somebody,
Under this clear moonlight.

Near the bright river's flow,
Running so still and slow,
Talking so soft and low,
She sits with somebody.

Pacing the ocean's shore,
Edged by the foaming roar,
Words, never breathed before,
Sound sweet to somebody.

Under the maple-tree,
Deep though the shadow be,
Plain enough they can see—
Bright eyes has somebody.

No one sits up to wait,
Though she is out so late—
All know she's at the gate
Talking with somebody.

Tip-toe to parlor door—
Two shadows on the floor—
Moonlight reveals no more—
Susy and somebody.

Two, sitting side by side,
Float with the ebbing tide.
"Thus, dearest, may we glide
Through life," says somebody.

Somewhere, somebody
Makes love to somebody,
To-night.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

FROM TOWN TO COUNTRY.

I went the other day into the country. It was a pleasant place, lashed by the sea, and the boarding-house at which I was staying for my, too short, four-and-twenty hours, commanded a splendid view of Long Island Sound. It was delightful to me to escape for even so short a time from the stormy bustle of the city to wander in green fields, heave my chest to sea-air, and feel in every pore the luxury of life. I wandered out into the meadows that lined the shore, and lying down in the deep grass, drew my broad hat partially over my eyes, and gazed up into the fathomless heavens. The birds sang on every side. A few piratical gulls marauded the horizon, swooping on the schools of small fish; and the grasshoppers, newly born, and proud of their agility, leaped, spray-like, from the grass.

I began to muse upon the superiority of the country to the town. In a short time I, the well-known "Man about Town," was contemplating proposing to the Messrs. Harper to give me a new office, and constitute me a "Man about the Country."

In the town I had left behind me horrible stenches, dusty pavements, faded women, dissipated men. The sky, as seen by the "Man about Town," was nothing but blue parallelograms. Healthy appetite—that appetite that consumes pounds of beefsteak without an effort—is no dweller in cities. Appetite in Delmonico's is a weak, affected creature, who must be tricked out with piquant sauces, and wondrous combinations of juices. The Croton water is a bad substitute for the sparkling rural fountain. The soft carpets of the *salons* can not compete with the sward I reposed upon. The Academy of Music never furnished such an orchestra as that which saluted me, gratis, from the neighboring trees.

While I was speculating on these things, a black cloud came up in the south, huge, sombre, and awful. A storm was about to come on. True to my fresh devotion to the country, I determined to stay it out, and chronicle its effects. Here they are:

A STORM IN SUMMER.

As I lay amidst the meadows, with the heavy-crested grasses nodding round me to the music of the ripplings on the beach, suddenly a weighty silence fell on all the whispering greenness, and the Earth lay breathless, with her thousand tongues too faint for speech.

Then a sable, solemn curtain of dark cloud dropped from the zenith, dipping deep its mournful fringes in the sad and waveless sea, and a low, prophetic thunder crept from out its blackening centre, as if some chained storm behind it chafed and panted to be free. And the birds forsook the topmost branches, and fled trembling downward, nestling close like frightened children, into each tree's leafy heart, while distracted country wenches seized the shirts that fluttered wildly, and with female exclamations bore them to some safer part. Then arose a sudden shutting by the neighbors of all windows, and without a breath to stir them, every door and casement slammed, and the air was filled with noises, as if ghosts of defunct storms were wandering round, then in a moment every sound again was calmed.

But the awful cloudy curtain stirred not, though around its edges curled some faint and smoky vapors, all too lazy to aspire, like the first thin smoke that oozes through the corners of the drop-scene of some theatre, disclosing that the building is on fire.

Then I knew a storm was coming, and bethought me if 'twere better there to lie and watch its splendor in the free and open field—there to see the fearful rending of the veil of Nature's temple, and the Heaven's awful weeping with their agony revealed in the red spasms of the lightning, and the moaning of the thunder, as in deep, sonorous sorrow it went sobbing through the sky; to behold those wild convulsions re-enacted that the ancient Earth beheld when she was watching o'er her God about to die? But I sometimes get lumbago, and though storms are very glorious, still the prospect is not pleasant, sitting in the rainy grass; so I put all thoughts poetic in my pocket and departed for my window, where I saw it finely through an opera glass.

Sudden, as at some commander's word, the black, gigantic curtain split, and through the yawning crevice gushed a spout of livid flame; and the sea grew white with terror, and the waves in fear rushed shoreward, dashing headlong on the margent as the fierce tornado came.

Down the hidden hills of heaven came the horses of the Storm, and their wild hoofs made rattling thunders on the echoing concave; and the clouds were girt with lightnings that shone out upon their blackness, as the golden armlets shimmer on the Ethiopian slave!

Then the gentle, lazy meadows bent and shuddered in long waves, as o'er them swept the headlong wind that shed the brown seeds as it passed; and a Tulip patriarchal, who had seen a thousand tempests, clashed his golden cymbal blossoms to the music of the blast. In the deep heart of a cedar, near my window, sate a sparrow, terror ruffling out his feathers, terror in his little soul, while from some uncertain corner of the orchard or the garden came a monotone of sorrow from the golden oriole.

Meantime o'er the murky heavens rolled the elemental battle, and from East to West came sweeping clouds of vapor, huge and dun; while through crevice in the curtain—like theatric hero waiting for his cue to enter grandly—I beheld the waiting Sun. Then the thunder grew more distant, and retired grumbling deeply, like a servant who, without a character, has been dismissed; and the rain began to lighten, and the heavens ceased to lighten, and the Norwalk shore came looming through the intervening mist.

Now the weary hosts of heaven furled their sable, cloudy banners, and the azure field of combat gleamed upon my sight once more; and the sea, whose panting bosom had reflected every struggle, told the tidings of the battle in low murmurs to the shore. Still the skies seemed flecked with blood-gouts, and some spots were red and gory, as if there the strife raged fiercest, there the aerial warriors bled; and loose clouds, in golden fragments, strewed the vast plain like the knightly bucklers left on field of battle when the enemy has fled.

But o'er all there reigned a stillness, and the woods were crowned with glory, as a martyr-meed for having suffered in the hour of storm; and the distant hills grew nearer through the clear, delicious ambient, pure, refreshing, sunny, scented atmosphere, so soft and warm!

Then upon a branch of cedar, swaying gently near my window, came a brown-hued robin redbreast, with his heart for all to see, blazoned on his glossy surcoat, and his eye was "dark and humid" as he turned it up to heaven, singing on that cedar-tree. Mounting, mounting to the zenith on a chain of liquid music, floating up through clouds and sunshine, where no earthly foot has trod, did my soul ascend in singing, linked to that wild robin's music, till they both sank down in silence at the blazing throne of God!

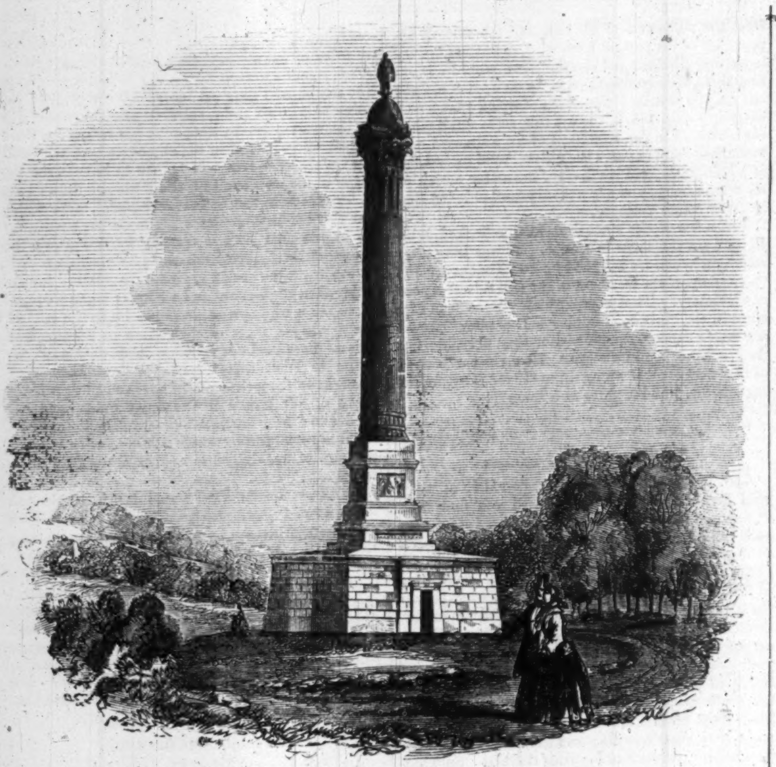
AT THE SUIT OF JOHN DOE
AND RICHARD ROE.

In reply to many kind communications which I have received from various readers of *Harper's Weekly*, offering to liquidate those debts which I so unhappily incurred in consequence of having placed too much faith in the Comet, I beg to reply that, after having in vain endeavored to induce the wealthy and liberal firm with which I have the honor to be connected to supply me with the twenty thousand dollars I needed to make things straight, I had recourse to my faithful Dimes, who immediately furnished me with that paltry sum. To those correspondents who so liberally offered to supply my small wants, I however now offer the thanks of a free Man about Town.

THE HENRY CLAY MONUMENT AT LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

THE accompanying illustration represents the monument which is about being erected in the Cemetery at Lexington, Kentucky, in honor of Henry Clay. It is built by subscription; a sum of over fifty thousand dollars having been raised for the purpose by subscription among the friends of Henry Clay throughout the country. Some two to three years ago a design was selected by the Committee; but on appeal to the shareholders the selection was not ratified, and another design chosen, which is the one we illustrate. The monument will be of iron; a rumor—which we can hardly credit—reaches us to the effect that it will not be painted. Surely the executive committee will run no such risk.

The corner-stone of the monument is to be laid on the Fourth, in presence of the assembled authorities, military and civil, of the State of Kentucky, and of the leading men and citizens generally of that and the adjacent States. The arrangements have been predicated on a probable crowd of a hundred thousand persons. Nor will these expectations be disappointed. Away in the West the name of the glorious orator of Kentucky is yet a household word in the mansion of the rich man and in the cabin of the poor settler; there will be many a heart that will beat quick, and many an eye grow dim, when the orator of the day, Mr. Choate, on this Fourth, shall speak of the great heart and the noble intellect of the immortal Henry Clay.



HENRY CLAY COLUMN, TO BE RAISED AT LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

MONSTER HAILSTONES.

WE are enabled by the politeness of Mr. James Batterson, of Hartford, Connecticut, to engrave two of the hailstones which fell at Washington during the storm of June 21. They were picked up by Mr. Batterson (who was wounded in the hand by one of them) as they fell, and a cast in plaster made from a mould in wax; our illustration represents them full size.

The storm came from the southwest, and broke over Washington at about three in the afternoon, with long flashes of lightning and very loud thunder. At first there was a light pattering of rain, with here and there a small hailstone; but after about ten minutes the storm burst in all its fury, with a gale which tore up large trees, and hailstones such as the "oldest inhabitant" never witnessed. It being Sunday afternoon, there were but few persons in the streets, but almost all those who were exposed were wounded. Many of the hailstones weighed from five to six and seven ounces: such a mass falling from the height of a storm-cloud would obviously cause death if it struck a man on the head. Several gentlemen might be seen on Monday morning in Washington with their arms in slings.

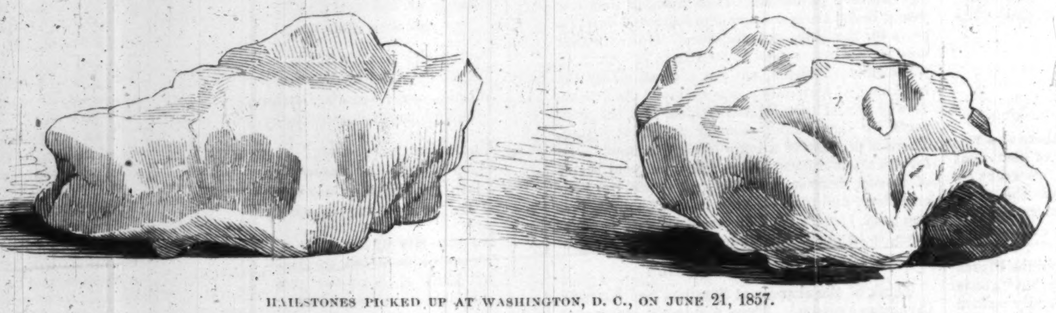
The storm, we may add, reached Philadelphia at about ten, and this city toward midnight. At the former place, the violence of the gale uprooted several large trees; here the most striking feature of the storm was the unusual quantity of rain which fell. It was for some minutes a perfect deluge, under which weak roofs absolutely quivered. Neither here nor at Philadelphia did any large hail accompany the storm: a few stones were noticed in the vicinity of this city, but they were small and rare.

It is believed that the hailstones which we engrave above are the largest of which there is authentic record. In the native country of hail—Southern France and Spain—the size rarely exceeds a pigeon's egg; the volleys which every few years do so much damage to the vines, vary from that size to that of a boy's marble. Larger hailstones have, however, been noticed. During the Peninsular war, while a division of the British army was crossing the Pyrenees, a hailstorm assailed them. The stones were said by an officer to be "nearly as large as a hen's egg;" they fell with such violence as to bruise severely and to indent the men's tin cans. Terrified by the unusual phenomenon the Englishmen fell into disorder, and broke their lines to seek the shelter of the trees; the officer who narrates the story declares that had the enemy attacked them at that moment they might have won a cheap victory.

A neat problem may be wrought out by the young reader in connection with these hailstones. Assuming, as a medium, that the height of the storm-cloud from which they issued was 7500 feet above the level of the earth—they vary from 6000 to 11,000—with what amount of force did they strike the earth? The student will remember that the rate of falling, which he may assume as 16 1-10th feet for the first second, increases as 1, 3, 5, 7, etc., for the succeeding seconds; the weight of the hailstone multiplied by the velocity at the moment of contact with the earth will be the actual force of the blow.

The origin of hail is a mystery, like every thing else. A general theory is, that a diminished temperature in the clouds congeals small particles of moisture, to which electricity imparts an oscillatory motion; like snow-balls, the ice particles attract moisture to them, and grow as they toss about, until at last they become so weighty that the attraction of the earth overcomes that of the mother-cloud and they fall. Some meteorologists have heard strange rattling sounds in storm-clouds just before the fall of hail; these are supposed to be a clashing of the ice-balls in their struggle to detach themselves from their parent. It has likewise been noticed that the largest hailstones—which are usually spherical in size—have icicles hanging to them; from whence it has been conjectured that in the clouds they are of larger size than we see them here; a merciful Providence melts them down a little before dashing them on our heads.

Men have been killed by hailstones in France, Italy, and Spain, though such accidents are rare. The commonest sufferers from this plague are trees, gardens, and conservatories. It is said that a hundred thousand dollars would not make up for the loss of fruit caused by the hail-storm of the 21st; and in the city of Washington alone the glaziers value the storm to them at over a thousand dollars. This is indeed a case to apply the proverb, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."



HAILSTONES PICKED UP AT WASHINGTON, D. C., ON JUNE 21, 1857.

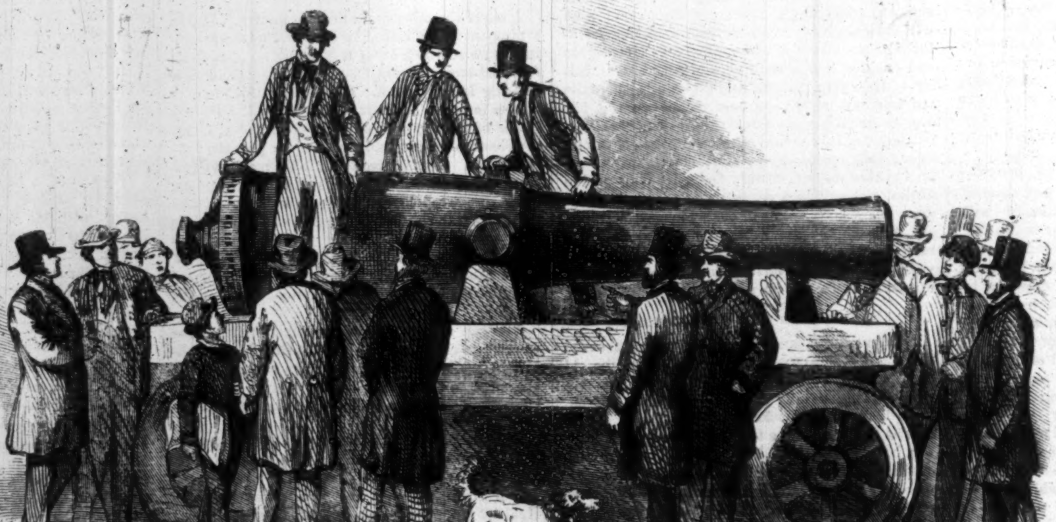
THE BOSTON CANNON FOR SARDINIA.

THE cut given below represents the cannon which has just been manufactured by the South Boston Iron Company for the King of Sardinia. It is a present from the city of Boston to his Sardinian Majesty; no doubt from admiration of the gallantry of the brave little kingdom.

A pretty plaything it is—weighing something over four tons and a half, and calculated to project balls of sixty-four pounds' weight. The bore is eight inches in diameter, and the length of the gun 124 inches. When it is placed on the site chosen for it by General Todtleben (who has taken a remarkably friendly interest in the subject), on the walls of the fortress of Alessandria, it will command a range of a trifle under three miles, and at the bagatelle of two miles will be capable of demolishing any thing.

Similar guns made for the United States army go by the name of 8-inch Columbiads—an ingenious compromise between fact and fancy. The fellow-countrymen of Columbus will appreciate the name.

Let us hope that it may never be used for any more notable purpose than the firing of salutes. Our good friends in Sardinia are fit for better things than fighting. But should the evil day come, and the Kaiser deem it safe to swoop down on the brave kingdom, in order to crush out the only semblance of liberty in Italy—should the Tedesci once more defile the fair valleys of Piedmont with their tyrannous tread—why then, we hope our 8-inch Columbiad will give a good account of herself, and make the Austrians remember, if the Sardinians ever forget, that they can forge good cannon in Massachusetts.



THE BOSTON CANNON PRESENTED TO SARDINIA.

THE RAG-SELLER'S DAUGHTER.

THE *Chiffonier* is one of the institutions of Paris. His rags; his hooked stick; his fiery, twinkling eyes; his basket flung over one shoulder, and receiving the various offal from the sale of which the gatherer derives his daily crust—all these are too well known, in these days of travel, to need description. The chiffonier's profession—for they distinguish it as a profession—is the general resort of strangers from the provinces, who find themselves in the great city with little money, and no legitimate means of earning more. The requisite basket and hooked stick are easily obtained. Certain streets are free to new-comers, and here the neophyte practices till, by some act of good-fellowship, some display of eminent shrewdness, or some unusual piece of good luck, he obtains regular admission to the brotherhood of chiffoniers, and establishes a kind of squatter sovereignty over a certain district.

Twenty-five years ago Thomas Bertol left his native village, in the pleasant Auvergne, and came to Paris to seek his fortune. But fortunes do not come even to the seekers, in Paris, and Thomas, after wandering about the streets vainly looking for honester work, at last laid out his remaining few sous in the purchase of a decrepit chiffonier's route, basket, and stick, and took regularly to the streets.

Thomas was thirty, sober, shrewd, and not bad-looking. He found no gold nor jewelry among his nightly collections of offal. But coming home to his garret one morning, he found there what proved to him a pearl of great price—a young girl from his native village, also adventuring in Paris, and willing to share his fortunes.

Of course there was a wedding, in which the neighbors of Thomas took a lively part; and shortly thereafter—two having saved more than one, as often happens in the houses of the poor—Master Thomas Bertol, by that time the happy father of a curly-headed little girl, blessed with bright eyes and many rags, quitted his garret and his nocturnal wanderings, hired a roomy vault, and became the purchaser of the rags and scraps picked up by his companions and neighbors.

The quarter of Paris frequented by the chiffonier fraternity is remarkable for the extremely rickety, tumble-down condition of the tenements, the narrowness of the streets, and the generally dilapidated appearance of all the accessories. Master Thomas was no aristocrat. He chose his new place in the darkest, uncomeliest street of the quarter, and in the most rickety house of the street. His vault was some ten feet beneath the level of the filthy pavement, with which it was connected by a steep ladder. Here, by the dim light of a small lamp, the quondam chiffonier and his wife busied themselves in sorting and packing the rags, broken glass, old iron, brass, pewter, nails, and what not, which made up their queer miscellaneous assortment. Here the little Marie grew, from a curly-headed child, tumbling about among the rags, and catching only semi-occasional glimpses of the bright sunlight above, into a gentle, slender-waisted, graceful maiden, with great wistful blue eyes, and subdued, yet serene smile.

Here, too, the mother—unable to live without her native trees and flowers—gradually faded away, and was lost to the father ere his little child could feel the loss; and so the old man—for he grew early old—quietly went on sorting his queer goods, now buying, now selling; ever counting up his small gains, and casting loving glances the while at the beautiful girl, who was now his book-keeper, house-keeper, and sole companion.

It was one bright day last June when my friend, George Le Vere, and I had occasion to take a ramble through the chiffonier's quarter, and were struck by the modest beauty of a young girl who was sitting at the head of a steep and rickety ladder, knitting, humming a tune to herself, and looking wistfully out at the small ray of sunshine which made its way between the nearly-meeting house-tops and played at her feet.

"What a beautifully innocent face to meet in such a place as this!" was my exclamation, as we touched our hats (it is not an insult to do such homage to unknown beauty in Paris), and went on.

A few words on the queerness of the incident, and George changed the subject. We were to start for the country the following morning. Late that evening, when all my preparations were completed, I received a note from my friend, expressive of regret that he would be prevented from accompanying me, but asking me, as a favor, to proceed on my journey, and promising *perhaps* to join me ere its completion.

I had to go off alone, which, to a stranger in France, was not so pleasant. But, after all, it mattered little. Your true Yankee is at home under all circumstances—and I profess to be of the truest Yankee blue.

George did not join me. I loitered away the summer and autumn pleasantly enough, and returned to Paris but a few weeks before Christmas. The first news I heard when once more established in my student chambers, in the *Quartier Latin*, was that my old friend George Le Vere had married, and that the bride was an heiress.

I lost no time in hunting him up, to learn the particulars of so unexpected an affair.

It appears that George was struck with the lovely face we had met on our promenade, and had determined to make its acquaintance. He returned the next day to the dark street, and not finding the fair Marie at the head of the stairs, incontinently picked his way down the steps toward the glimmering lamp, where he found the object of his search arranging her father's accounts. The old man had gone out. George made some excuse for his intrusion, and having stumbled over a heap of broken glass at the entrance to this cave, found his curiosity greatly excited as to the nature of the traffic carried on by the occupants.

Marie answered his questions with an ingenuous modesty which completely charmed my friend. When he had exhausted his powers of questioning and felt impelled to take his leave, he expressed a desire to make the acquaintance of Marie's father, and announced to the blushing maiden his intention of calling on the morrow for that purpose.

What need of further detail? George called on the morrow, and made the acquaintance of the rag-seller; called the day following to talk to Marie; the day after on some other excuse; and was shortly established as a regular visitor at this warehouse of rags. The old man gave little heed to his visitor, and Marie was left alone to entertain him—a labor of love which she did by no means seem to object to.

Until one day, as George was picking his way across the floor toward the steps, the old man walked up to him with the abrupt query, "What was the aim of all his visits?"

To which George made answer that he loved Marie, and desired to make her his wife, if her father had no objection.

"*I* have no objections to make," was the answer; "but you have parents, and must immediately acquaint these with your wishes."

Now George's parents were wealthy, and looked to their son's making an alliance "suitable to his condition and prospects in life." Imagine their consternation when Master George, one morning after breakfast, communicated to them the story of his love. The father broke out into unmistakable anger, and the mother declared herself too much outraged even to faint. But George had all the obstinacy of an only child; and having vowed to marry Marie, consent or no consent, at last brought his parents to at least think of the matter as a possibility. In secret, however, both father and mother were determined to prevent by every means so disgraceful a match.

The best way to do this seemed to the old folks to be, to invite the proposed bride and her father to their house to meet a party of friends. Here, thought they, George will see the folly of uniting himself to people whose appearance must inevitably bring ridicule upon him. Accordingly, at the appointed time, Marie and her father made their appearance. A select party of George's friends had been invited. Among these the queer velvet jacket and knee-breeches of the Auvergnese rag-seller excited no little amusement; but the sweet, innocent countenance of his daughter caused also no little surprise and remark.

The party were shortly seated at table; and now the host began his before-concerted play upon the old man's ignorance of civilized life. He however made up in shrewd mother-wit and a discreet taciturnity for any possible ignorance, and on several occasions turned the laugh against his host.

"This will never do," thought Madame Le Vere.

So, with the dessert, she opened what she intended for the final battery upon the old man.

"You do indeed intend to bring your daughter into our family, Monsieur?" said she.

"With your kind consent, madame, it would give me great pleasure," was the answer.

"You see, however, the propriety of making some inquiries respecting the bride's dower, Sir. It is not usual for people to let their only child marry without looking a little to his future."

"True," answered the old man, quietly; "it is well to think about that in time."

Poor George was upon nettles.

"Pray let this matter rest, *ma mère*," said he; "it can be talked of another time."

"By no means," said Marie's father. "Your mother is quite right. It is the duty of parents to look out for the material interests of their children. I shall very readily do all that can be expected of a poor old man like myself. Let me know, madame, what you intend to give your son, and I will endeavor to give my daughter an equal sum on her marriage-day!"

The guests looked up in half-comical surprise at the audacity of the old man in the velvet jacket. Madame fixed herself bolt upright in her seat, and announced, in measured terms,

"We will give our son on his marriage-day 50,000 francs."

"Hm!" ejaculated the old man, "that seems to me not so good as I had reckoned upon. If I did not know that these young people loved each other sincerely, I should be tempted to break off the match. But let it go. My daughter will receive upon her wedding-day the sum of 400,000 francs; and I will besides see to the furnishing of the bride's house."

It is not necessary to describe the astonishment of the guests at these words. The subject of dower was incontinently dropped, and the Crœsus in velvet jacket and knee-breeches became at once an object of the kindest attentions.

Even now, however, the matter was not quite so quickly settled as had been thought; for Madame Le Vere, anxious to appear well before her guests, had named as George's "*dot*" a much larger sum of money than her husband could raise without mortgaging a portion of his property.

So the young people had impatiently to wait; till one day George's father received from M. Bertol an envelope containing fifty thousand-franc notes and the following note:

"It is not worth while to make our young ones wait for such a bagatelle as this. I inclose what is needed. You will, of course, keep the matter quiet. But another time do not judge too much by appearances. Let the wedding be on the 15th.
"THOMAS BERTOL, *Rag-Seller*."

So George was married. And the old Auvergnat, having lost his book-keeper, was obliged to close his vault and sell his precious assortment of chiffonier's findings.

When I visited George and Marie last May at their country-seat not far from Paris, I found the old man tending flowers in a garden specially devoted to him. The habit of work is upon him, and he must labor to be happy. As I sat by him, upon a garden-seat, listening to some stories of his earlier days, he suddenly stopped, and pointing to Marie, who was leaning upon her husband's arm and admiring some flowers, said:

"When my little girl makes me a grandfather, I shall have enough to make me happy;" and then, with a sigh,

"If only her mother could see her now!"

THE TRAGEDY.

THE "*Dame with the Camelias*"—
  I think that was the play:
The house was packed from pit to dome
  With the gallant and the gay,
Who had come to see the Tragedy,
  And while the hours away!

There was the faint Exquisite,
  With gloves and glass sublime;
There was the dull Historian,
  And there the man of Rhyme,
And the snarling Critic, front to front,
  To see the play of Crime!

And there was heavy Ignorance,
  And Vice in Honiton lace;
Sir Crœsus and Sir Pandarus—
  And the music played apace.
But of all that crowd I only saw
  A single, single face!

'Twas that of a girl whom I had known
  In the summers long ago,
When her breath was like the new-mown hay,
  Or the daintiest flowers that grow—
When her heart was light, and her Soul was white
  As the winter's early snow!

'Twas in our own New England
  She breathed the morning air;
'Twas the sunshine of New England
  That blended with her hair;
And Modesty and Purity
  Walked with her every where!

She sang i' the morning like a lark,
  At dusk, like a whippowil;
And her Grandsire held her on his knee,
  In the evenings long and still,
And told her how he worked one night
  In the trench, at Bunker's Hill!

And showed her the place in the old grave-yard
  Where his youngest brother lay—
They had taken the boy from the battle-field,
  Where he fell that dreadful day,
And laid him to rest in the tangled grass,
  By the blue Piscataqua!

Or he told her of the Womponsags,
  The Indians who of yore
Builded their wigwams out of bark
  In the woods of Sagamore;
And how the pious Puritans
  Burnt witches by the score!

The years went by, and the maiden grew
  Like a harebell in the glade;
The chestnut shadows crept in her eyes—
  Sweet eyes that were not afraid
To look to heaven at morn or even,
  Or any time she prayed!

She was the light of the cottage then;
  She was the golden sun
Of the old man's life—the poor old man
  Whose toil was nearly done!

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

He watched her in the clover-patch,
  And among the tasseled corn,
And in the lawns where apple-blooms
  Were falling night and morn;
And he saw the holy thoughts that grew
  Within her eyes like dawn!

She walked with him to the village church,
  And his eyes would fill with pride
To see her walk with the man she loved—
  To see them side by side!
Sweet Heavens! she were an Angel now
  If she had only died!

If she had only died! Alas!
  How keen must be the woe
That makes it better one should lie
  Where the sunshine can not go,
Than to live in this pleasant, sunny world,
  Where the happy flowers do blow!

Would she had wed some country boor
  Before the luckless day
When her cousin came to that simple home—
  Her cousin Clarence Maye,
With his city airs and handsome eyes
  To lead her soul astray!

God dropped a pearl in his path of life,
  The heart of that sinless child!
And he threw it away with a cruel laugh—
  He murdered while he smiled!
Oh, but his words were soft as dew,
  And his voice was frank and mild!

One night they left the cottage—
  One night in the mist and rain;
And the old man never saw his pet
  Nor Clarence Maye again;
Never saw his pet in the clover-patch,
  In the meadow, nor the lane!

And day by day he looked for her,
  This pitiful old man;
"Where's my little maid?" he said,
  This pitiful old man.
At last he died, and they buried him
  Where the silver waters ran!

Many a time, like milk-white birds,
  The daisies flew away,
And we never heard of her who fled
  In the night with Clarence Maye;
Never knew if she were alive or dead,
  Till I met her at the play!

And there she sat with her great brown eyes—
  They wore a troubled look;
And I read the history of her life
  As it were an open book;
And saw her Soul, like a slimy thing
  In the bottom of a brook!

There she sat in her glistening silk,
  With emeralds on her wrist,
And on her brow a slender thread
  Of pearl and amethyst.
"A cheat, a gilded grief!" said I,
  And my eyes were filled with mist.

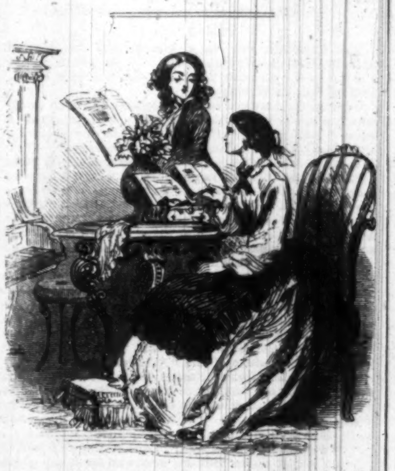
I could not see the players play;
  I could hear the music moan—
Moan like a dismal winter wind,
  That dies in the woods alone;
And when it stopped I heard it still,
  The mournful monotone!

What if the Count were true or false?
  I did not care, not I;
What if Camille for Armand died?
  I did not see her die.
There sat a woman opposite
  Who held me with her eye!

The great green curtain fell on all—
  On laugh, and wine, and woe—
Just as death some day will fall
  'Twixt us and life, I know!
The play was done—the bitter play—
  And the people turned to go.

And did they see the Tragedy?
  They saw the painted scene;
They saw Armand, the jealous fool,
  And the sick Parisian quean;
But they did not see the Tragedy—
  The one *I* saw I mean!

They did not see that cold-cut face,
  Those golden braids of hair;
Or seeing her jewels, only said,
  "The lady's rich and fair."
But I tell you, 'twas the Play of Life,
  And that woman played Despair!



PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

WHAT SORT OF MEN DO WE LIKE?

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I was sitting last night, "in the gloaming," deep in contemplation, reflecting on the follies of this generation, and on my own, in particular, when my reverie was disturbed by the entrance of young Ritter, who walked in, looking neat, but sad; fashionable, but melancholy. He appeared at once armed for conquest and overcome by misfortune. Little Ritter, as we familiarly term him, is a person I like very much; moreover the boy is in love, and nervous about his own personal deficiencies—both strong claims on my feminine sympathies—but he need not worry himself, for he is as tall as the rest of young New York, and much better looking than most of it. I am old enough to be his mother, you know (supposing we belonged to tropical climates), and he therefore confides his manly little distresses to me, whenever we happen to be alone. On this occasion it was, as I suspected: he was arrayed to call on Miss Georgy ——, the fair star of his affections: "Only when I was at the very corner of the block, who should I see, but that great hulking grenadier-fellow Tompkins, walking right into the house; and as I'd rather meet the old gentleman himself any day than him, I thought I wouldn't go in, you see."

"Oh, but Miss Georgy would much rather receive a visit from you, I am quite sure; why should you disappoint her, and yourself too, because of Mr. Tompkins?"

"Well, he takes all the talk to himself, you know. There's no getting in a word. Oh, I can look in another evening as well," he added, with a mournful attempt at cheerfulness, while he turned his hat round in his hand, as if I could not see his heart was as heavy as lead. Poor fellow!

And all because Tompkins was bigger than he, and wears oiled mustaches!

What odd ideas men have about pleasing women!—about what pleases women, I mean! They fancy we admire curled hair and waxed imperials, and the general appearance of a hair-dresser's block. It is quite a mistake. If a gentleman points out to me a model among his sex, "a remarkably fine man," it is always one of this, to me, very unpleasant stamp; and if I dare to suggest "I don't agree in the admiration!" the retort is, "Well, who *do* you think handsome, then?" To this, the next query always is, "Now don't you think Mr. Jordan or Mr. Lester very handsome? Most ladies admire them both very much, generally speaking."

"Well! it's a matter of taste, I suppose; but I must honestly own, without disparagement to those excellent actors, that they are neither of them my *beau ideal*. Mr. Jordan has personated so many conceited puppies, that he has, perhaps, imbibed too much of the spirit of his parts; and as to Mr. Lester, his legs are too short below the knee! Nothing spoils a figure like that; it is only second to being bandy-legged or knock-kneed!"

"Well, who *is* handsome, then?"

"Why do you ask? That very question is precisely your stumbling-block! Why should you fancy we only like and admire handsome men? Besides, if it were true, your notions of handsomeness are very far from ours, as I think you must own. But it is a delusion of the lazy and disagreeable part of your sex, who won't take the trouble to please and entertain us; they are convinced that their unpopularity with 'the sex' arises from want of good looks. Never was there a wilder error! For one man in a thousand who is liked and married for his beauty, five hundred are loved and adored for their positive ugliness. My dear boy—" (I am talking to young Ritter, pray remember, and not to my honored Editor,) "My dear boy, if it were not so, how do you suppose half the men in this city were ever accepted? You may laugh, but it is a fact. Absolute beauty in a man, rather than being an advantage, is a very great misfortune, only none of you have the sense to know it. We women, I assure you, think it of very little importance. Indeed, it requires the strong minds of the masculine gender to be carried away by the influence of mere good looks!

"What *do* we like, then? Why, we like *manliness*; and that doesn't consist in flowing hair and intensely black whiskers; I like *Pussy*, I own, to have a pair of fine, long whiskers, but I can't consider them a claim to special admiration in my own species. A sensible man, with a kind, considerate heart, may be just as ugly as ever he pleases, and it is entirely his own fault if he does not make every woman in the world love him; it needs but the will. No sensible woman, if he takes pains, will resist him; and instead of his plainness being a drawback, he will, on the contrary, be liked because of it, not in spite of it. You know the old story of Wilkes, who, with all his excessive ugliness, declared he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man of the day. Give him that quarter of an hour, and he would be the foremost."

"Ah, but then you know he was a man of genius!"

"Oh, that was nothing to the purpose. If you have a strong wish to please and exert yourself honestly, you must succeed. A man's admiration is not intended to be bestowed upon himself. The uglier he is, the more probable it is he will admire beauty in women. Look at that strapping fellow, Tompkins, your rival, as you fancy; he is six foot two, if he's an inch, well-made, and proportionately broad and muscular. His features, too, are regular and well-defined, and he certainly makes a great display of Antinous curls. With all these advantages, as you consider them, why does he produce no effect upon us whatever? why does no one brighten at his entrance, or heave the shadow of a sigh when he leaves, or feel the slightest extra pulsation when he calls?"

"Well, perhaps he *is* rather conceited."

"*Rather* conceited! Did you ever see a thoroughly handsome man who was not? I never did. Now Tompkins has heard people (chiefly his own sharp-sighted sex) call him 'a remarkably fine man.' In the course of time this conviction is not only forced on his mind, but it is so strong that it is forced out of him again at every pore, and he thinks we have but to gaze in order to adore. Every muscle says plainly, 'I am a very fine fellow, and you must acknowledge it.' Every time he looks at me I read the same firm assurance of his own attractions. Every glance says, 'Admire me,' as unmistakably as the hour spent in the gentlemen's dressing-room at evening parties shows the duty he believes he owes to his exterior. Now when I meet a gentleman's eye, I prefer reading in it, 'It's *you* who are the beauty, dear madam, not I.' I dislike a man who is thinking so much of himself that he has no time to think of me! and, I must repeat, I don't believe he was created to look with eyes of adoration upon himself. It is *we* who ought to have his admiration, and, by rights, he should have none to spare."

"But I can't help thinking Miss Georgy does like Tompkins's handsome face after all."

"No; I will tell you what Miss Georgy does like. She likes the courage he has to talk to her and amuse her. His faith in his face gives him that assurance; but I wish you to believe that we women do *not* think Mr. Tompkins the Apollo that you do, simply because he is bigger than yourself. He happens to have plenty of confidence, and dares to try and entertain us a little; but if you would have that faith in yourself that he has, the result would be the same.

"Believe in your own good-will, as he does in his good looks, call on Miss Georgy in spite of ten Tompkinses, exert yourself honestly to please her, and see the result! The more mind a man has the better, but it is not at all indispensable; people don't love each other for their intellect, and, Heaven knows, not for their virtues. The only rule I can discover in the matter is, that we like those who like us. But this notion that dandified puppies, big or little, all pomatum and bandoline, are liked by women is an error of yours, which had better be corrected, for, as far as I know my own sex, it is utterly false."

After a little further discussion in this strain, young Ritter rose from his chair with more animation than he had entered it, and saying, "I think I'll just go and see how they get on over there," the anxious boy departed.

Don't you agree with me, my dear Sir, that very handsome men are really detestable?

Yours always, etc.

LITERARY.

Tent Life in the Holy Land, *by William C. Prime*, author of "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," "The Old House by the River," "Later Years," etc.

A companion book to Mr. Prime's "Boat Life," of which we made some note in these columns a few weeks ago. The present volume is noted for the same agreeable flowing style, and the same graphic descriptive powers and quick appreciation of the humorous and the pathetic.

To the Christian, the Holy Land—the scene of the Saviour's labors and sufferings—is ever new and spirit-moving. It is a subject which travelers and poets—true-born travelers and poets—find ever unexhausted, ever fresh and interesting. Mr. Prime journeyed through the ancient Promised Land not only in the spirit, but even, as far as might be, in the manner of the old pilgrims. His book is the record of a pilgrimage; and while his descriptions of the holy places are the fullest and most satisfying that we have any where met, the incidents which befell our pilgrims during their tented wanderings and familiar intercourse with Jews and Gentiles have a freshness and pleasantness which carry the reader with them, and let us into the true delights of traveling.

In that land of female seclusion the presence of "Miriam," an American lady, was of no small service in giving to Mr. Prime's party opportunities for the observation of those hidden mysteries of Oriental life which are closed against most travelers. And whether in the Arab tent, the Turkish harem, on the road, or in the city, Mr. Prime makes himself thoroughly at home, and shows himself equal to all the emergencies of a pilgrim's life.

Little Dorrit, *by Charles Dickens*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co.

This is Little Dorrit complete, in the style of Peterson's elegant edition of Dickens's works, in which they also publish this week Dombey & Son. Clear type and a handsome page, with Dickens for an author and a cool seat in summer to enjoy it all, may be set down as one of the luxuries of the age.

The Student's Gibbon. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, *by Edward Gibbon*. Abridged, *by William Smith, LL.D.*, Editor of the "Classical Dictionary," etc. Illustrated by 100 Engravings on Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers.

To abridge Gibbon, and yet preserve his brilliancy, was a work few men dare undertake, but Dr. Smith has accomplished it most successfully. The student will prize this work as a condensed but not a mutilated edition of the great historian of the Eastern and the declining Empire, while it will be universally adopted as a school and college text-book. It has already been introduced into some of our first literary institutions. We have been surprised and delighted with the skill of the Editor in preserving all those elegancies of style and splendor of rhetorical ornament which characterize the original work, and which make this book, divested of Gibbon's episodes, even more readable than the large volumes.

Nothing to Wear. New York: Rudd & Carlton.

The readers of *Harper's Weekly* will not need to be reminded of this admirable satire, published some time since in this paper; but they will be glad to possess a copy of it, printed in elegant style, and illustrated with cuts that give renewed force and point to its best passages. Miss Flora M'Flimsey is now immortalized by the pencil of the artist as well as the pen of the poet.

How to Behave; a Manual of Etiquette. New York: Fowler & Wells.

This is number three of the "Hand-books of Improvement," issued by Fowler & Wells, all of which are full of excellent advice and valuable hints for personal conduct. This series is published in very handsome style.

The Science of Common Things, *by David A. Wells, A.M.* New York: Ivison & Phinney.

An excellent design, and well carried out. The phenomena of daily and hourly occurrence around us attract little attention; while the true method of teaching chemistry and philosophy is to bring the minds of children to bear on these very occurrences, and to seek practical explanations of them. The book is an important addition to school text-books.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE UTAH APPOINTMENTS.

At length it is definitely announced that Colonel Cummings, of Missouri, has received the appointment of Governor of Utah Territory. It is rumored that Colonel Jack Hays, late of Texas, will be appointed Surveyor-General of Utah, and that General Smith will command the military expedition. General Scott has been in Washington during the week, having been sent for by the President to concert plans of action, in case it should prove necessary to call out the military. Three companies of soldiers have already left New York for Kansas *en route* for Utah. It is expected that the Governor, with the rest of the expedition, will leave about the middle of July.

DISTRIBUTION OF SPOILS.

A good deal of sensation has been created in political circles at Washington by the publication of tables showing the present distribution of the Federal patronage. From these tables it appears that the "spoils" are now distributed so as to give to the States which voted against Mr. Buchanan nearly $1[illegible]5,000 more patronage than those which supported him; and that the North receives nearly $2,000,000 more spoils than the South. The State which receives the most is New York, which gets $1,033,956; next comes California, which receives $489,189; then Pennsylvania, $444,939; then the District of Columbia, $409,810. Massachusetts receives $372,784, being $120,000 more than Virginia, which gets $[illegible]52,091. Ohio has $116,134, while Georgia has only $[illegible]5,[illegible]07. New Hampshire gets $108,200, while North Carolina gets only $[illegible]5,000. Assuming that Federal patronage should be divided among the States according to representation, the following States get less than their share: Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Maryland; the following more than their share: Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Delaware, Arkansas, Michigan, Florida, Louisiana, Wisconsin, California, Texas, Iowa, District of Columbia.

VARIOUS APPOINTMENTS.

No further foreign missions have been filled. It is understood that Mr. Mason does not desire to be recalled, and that the Virginians demand a larger share of this class of spoils. Mr. Ritchie, of the *Richmond Enquirer*, is understood to be a candidate for a foreign post.

General Ward B. Burnett is likely to be appointed surveyor of the boundary between the United States and British America along the forty-ninth parallel east of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. William R. Harley has been appointed Indian agent for New Mexico.

Colonel Richardson has declined the governorship of Nebraska. Mr. Rencher, of North Carolina, is mentioned as the man likely to succeed Mr. Meriwether as Governor of New Mexico.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Wheat, American, has been elected Chief Justice of Kentucky by a small majority.

From Kansas we hear that the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention has resulted in the general triumph of the Democrats, the followers of the Topeka leaders generally abstaining from the polls. Details have not come to hand.

Mr. Baugh, American, has been elected Mayor of Memphis, Tennessee, by 288 majority.

At the Republican State Convention of Massachusetts, held at Worcester on 26th ult., Mr. N. P. Banks was nominated for Governor, and Mr. Oliver Warner, of Northampton, for Lieutenant-Governor.

At the Republican State Convention of Maine, held at Bangor on the 25th ult., Hon. Lot M. Morrill was nominated for Governor.

Hon. W. H. M'Willie has been nominated by the Democrats of Mississippi for Governor of that State.

The Democratic State Convention of Georgia, which met at Milledgeville on the 25th ult., passed severe resolutions reflecting on Governor Walker, of Kansas, and nominated Judge Joseph Brown for Governor.

A Republican State Convention in Iowa is called for the 19th of August.

OUR MUNICIPAL DISPUTES.

There is nothing new in relation to our municipal troubles in this city. The Court of Appeals has not yet rendered its judgment on the Metropolitan Police Law. The case of the vacant Street Commissionership is yet undecided. The Mayor has been discharged in the contempt case. The rival policemen are enjoying a temporary truce. The following, from a proclamation of the Metropolitan Superintendent, shows both the valiant spirit and the classical education of the gentleman who fills that office:

"It is expected and demanded that each and every man will do his duty.

"The eyes of the public are upon us, and they must not be disappointed. By order of

"F. A. Tallmadge, *General Superintendent*."

PERSONAL.

The President will leave Washington for Bedford Springs about the middle of July. On his return he will remove to his Summer residence, the Soldier's Home, four miles from Washington.

General Cass arrived in Washington on 27th in excellent health—to use his own language, "as hearty as a buck." He will relieve Mr. Appleton, who has performed a vast deal of labor during the General's absence.

William A. Phillips, who has just been chosen a State Senator in the Kansas Legislature, is about thirty-two years of age. He is a Scotchman by birth, a lawyer by profession, and a journalist from inclination and circumstances. His father, on coming from Scotland, settled near Chester, in Illinois, and there young Phillips was admitted to the bar, and afterward became editor of the Whig paper in that town. For the last two years, however, he has acted as the Kansas correspondent of the New York *Tribune* and other journals, and at the same time taken an active part in the affairs of the Territory.

General Isham, G. Harris, and Colonel Robert Hatton are canvassing Tennessee as rival candidates for Governor—the former on behalf of the "Democratic," the latter as the nominee of the "American" party. They speak alternately from the same stump, which is a good arrangement; but recently at Fayetteville they got into a personal altercation, struck, clenched, and pulled hair, which was not so good. Their friends parted them, and have since brought them again on speaking terms.

There is an old gentleman in one of the city pauper institutions at South Boston, who was for many years the President of one of the largest insurance companies in the country. He was for a whole generation the associate and friend of the Thorndikes, the Brookses, the Lymans, the Amorys, the Cabots, the Perkinses, and other merchant princes of Boston. He has insured millions upon millions of property in a single year, and is now in his old age maintained at the public charge.

Governor Marcy proposes to sail for England with his family in the course of a few weeks.

Mr. Donald D. Mitchell (Ik Marvel) delivered the oration at the meeting of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity.

General Wool has been very dangerously ill at Troy, but is now convalescent.

General Pillow, of Mexican celebrity, announces that Senator Bell, of Tennessee, will be the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1860.

The Young Men's Christian Association of this city gave a farewell breakfast to the Rev. Theodore Cuyler last week on his departure for Europe.

A newspaper correspondent thus alludes to Mrs. Senator Douglas's appearance at Springfield during the Senator's late visit to that city:

Mrs. Douglas, the new wife of the Senator, has been with him during his stay here, and has excited quite a sensation among the society of our quiet city. She attended the meeting last night, and as I learn, for the first time heard her liege lord make a speech. Mrs. Douglas is quite handsome, but I do not think her beautiful. She is tall and stately, has fine, regular features, with a sweet, amiable smile, which renders her quite attractive, and seems to be very easy in her manners and address. The gossip goes, that she exercises considerable influence over the Little Giant; that under her management he now dresses well, goes to church, actually wears kid gloves, and has set up a coach. His personal appearance rather corroborates the story; his oldest friends declare they never saw him looking so well. I learn that in politics Mrs. Douglas professes to be a Whig, but I fear her lord is too old a sinner ever to be brought by her to a political repentance.

Mr. Theodore Marinus Van Limburg was on 25th ult. introduced to the President by the Acting Secretary of State, and delivered his credentials as Minister Resident of his Majesty the King of the Netherlands.

C. S. Hall, Esq., prosecuting attorney for the County of Barbour, Virginia, committed suicide on the morning of the 10th ult. by cutting his throat with a razor. Liquor is the cause assigned for the rash act.

Joseph Mathias, Cashier of the Bank of Westminster, Maryland, in attempting to get upon a train of cars at Hanover, Maryland, while in motion, was run over.

A Wisconsin editor says that at Marietta, Ohio, the French Minister, Count de Sartiges, was introduced as Count Sausages.

A slave woman called Aunt Till, belonging to Captain Lewis Bissel, who lives near St. Louis, died on the 8th ult., at the extreme age of one hundred and thirty years.

Anna and Mary Howitt and Mrs. Browning have become, it is said, deeply interested in Spiritualism.

Hon. Zeno Scudder, formerly a member of Congress, died on 26th ult., at his residence in Barnstable.

ANTI-RENT DISTURBANCE.

As Walter S. Church and Sheriff Brayton, with two deputies and others, were proceeding on Saturday, 20th ult., to make a sale of property in the town of Berne, 22 miles from Albany, in the Anti-Rent District, they were fired upon by some one in ambush. They immediately gave chase and arrested a young man named Schultz, son of the person whose property was to be sold, and found him armed with a gun. One of his shots passed through the hat of one of the Sheriff's party. No one was injured. The sale was then concluded without further trouble. Several arrests have since been made by the authorities.

FRACAS AT HARTFORD.

At noon on 24th ult., James E. Dunham, of Bridgeport, one of the Bank Commissioners of Connecticut, and William E. Noble, also of Bridgeport, attacked Judge Brooks, Chairman of the Bank Committee, in the vestibule of the State House, Hartford, Connecticut, calling him an old liar, scoundrel, etc., on account of his position in regard to a Bank.

Judge Brooks seized Mr. Noble by the collar and thrust him against the wall. He was about to throw him down stairs, when the spectators interfered and separated the combatants by force. Mr. Dunham fled on the first demonstration from Mr. Brooks. A Committee of Investigation was appointed by the House. The difficulty has been settled by apologies all round.

HEART-RENDING ACCIDENT.

On the 15th ult. Mr. Casper Hibler, residing near Dallastown, York County, Pennsylvania, went to his well, in the yard, for the purpose of drawing water, when the walls caved in, precipitating him down the well a distance of seventeen feet (the well is about forty feet deep), where he was firmly held by earth and stone, unable to extricate himself.

At the time the accident occurred Mr. Hibler was alone at home, his wife having gone to visit his mother, who was ill. She returned about five o'clock, and not finding her husband in the house, she called and received an answer, when, on searching for him, she found that he was in the well. The alarm was immediately given, and strenuous efforts made by the neighbors to rescue him from his perilous situation. They worked faithfully, and, at one time, were within eighteen inches of him, the unfortunate man conversing with them all the time. Their exertions, however, seemed to avail but little, for as fast as they succeeded in removing the earth and stones, fresh quantities would fall in upon him. Finding their exertions in his behalf of no avail, the doomed man, shortly after midnight, requested that his wife might be brought within hearing of his voice, that he might bid her a last farewell. His request was complied with, and we leave the reader to imagine the scene—the anguish of mind of her whom, on the 14th of April last, he led to the altar a bride. At one o'clock next morning he ceased to exist, and his lifeless body was found about four o'clock, much bruised, with one hand off.

PERILOUS BALLOON ASCENSION.

One day last week, Mr. John Steiner, the well-known aeronaut of Philadelphia, prepared to cross Lake Erie in his balloon, and started from Erie at about 3.50 P.M.

The weather was stormy, with squalls of wind, which rendered the voyage not entirely pleasant. The wind being in the right direction, however, it was determined, it being his purpose, to sail across the lake and alight in Canada.

He arose to the height of about three miles, and started off at a slow but steady rate.

The outlook was very beautiful. The lake could be seen from one end to the other nearly, save as clouds intercepted it occasionally from view. At one time Mr. Steiner counted thirty-eight sail-vessels, all in sight, and far below him. The hands on board several of the vessels saw him, and rightly apprehending that he was an aeronaut, cheered him heartily, and he states that their shouts could be heard by him quite distinctly.

The wind kept blowing steadily from the right quarter, and the voyage promised a very successful termination. He neared the Canada shore a little below Long Point, and was gradually coming in to shore. When about ten miles from land, however, a counter-current struck him, which was bearing directly down the lake. This was quite a strong one, much more so than the one which had propelled him safely thus far, and he was accordingly driven toward Buffalo.

He was about two and a half miles above the surface of the water. Night was drawing on, and it became apparent that he could not, with this current, get away from the water before dark, and after nightfall it would not be safe to come down. Seeing a propeller making her way up the lake, he therefore resolved to descend, and, if possible, strike the water so as to be rescued by the steamer.

Her officers discovered the balloon about the same time that they were descried by its occupant. The American ensign was run up and her whistle sounded. Mr. Steiner responded by waving a small American flag from his car. He threw out a large anchor, attached to about thirty feet of strong rope, for the purpose of making fast to the vessel if he should cross above her before reaching the water. He then began to descend, and came down rapidly.

He first struck the water about twenty-five miles below Long Point, and three miles above the propeller, which was bound up. In seven minutes he passed her about twenty rods astern. During this time Mr. Steiner says he thinks his balloon bounded from the water at least twenty times. It would strike and then rebound, like a ball, going into the air from twenty to fifty feet, and still rushing down the lake at railroad speed. His anchor not catching to any thing caused this not very agreeable episode.

A boat was immediately launched from the propeller, which went in pursuit of him. They got hold of a long rope which he had thrown out, and which was attached to the balloon, and began to haul in. But as soon as the line was made taut, the balloon took the boat in tow with a will. The sailors pulled the oar-locks off the boat, but could not stop their novel "tug." Mr. Steiner then abandoned the balloon, leaping into the water and swimming toward the boat, which speedily reached him. He was taken on board, hospitably entertained, and brought to Detroit, where he arrived none the worse for his adventurous voyage.

A CENTENARIAN'S SPEECH.

At the pioneer festival at Madison, Wisconsin, a few days since, the following speech was made by Joseph Crelie, who is said to be one hundred and seventeen years of age.

Fellow Pioneers: I have looked forward with deep interest to this meeting. Permit me, an old man, with the frosts of one hundred and seventeen winters now whitening my brow, to greet you to-day, and to you express the hope that you may live these many years to meet together on similar occasions. My own pioneer life has been peaceful rather than eventful. A native of Detroit, I was partly raised at Kaskaskia and Prairie du Roche, in Illinois, and subsequently became an inhabitant of St. Louis, under Spanish rule, and for many years of the last century was engaged as a *voyageur* between St. Louis and Prairie du Chien, *via* Wisconsin and Fox rivers and Mackinaw. I was, in 1814, a participant with the Americans in the conflict at Prairie du Chien, and served as an express carrier in the Black Hawk War, when a companion was shot dead by my side by the stealthy Indians in ambuscade; being myself a Frenchman, and my wife related to the Indians, I have reason to believe I was purposely spared. Forty-one years ago I located at the Wisconsin Portage, and nearly a third of a century since I was a mail carrier between Mineral Point and Green Bay. It has fallen to my lot to live successively, in the same country, under French, British, Spanish, and American Governments—and I have defended the latter at the hazard of my life. Though I have thus spent my life upon the frontiers, my memory is too frail to permit me to go into dates, and could I recall them, I fear they would only serve to fill up the picture, already but too well known, of border dangers, difficulties, and privations. I have been three times married, and of nine children but a single one survives—the seventh by my first marriage, and she has nearly reached the age of threescore and ten, allotted to our race. But I have grandchildren almost without number; and for the benefit of some of the latter, I hope yet to obtain some bounty land from Government for my early services.

HISTORICAL DUELING PISTOLS.

The recent difficulty between Colonel Major, of the Frankfort *Yeoman*, and Mr. Green, of the *Commonwealth*, has brought to notice again two weapons which, according to the code, may be considered classic. We allude to the celebrated instruments known respectively as the "Clay" and "Burr" pistols. Although it was finally decided to use Kentucky rifles, pistols were not forgotten in the arrangement, and each party, we learn, tested his skill at eight, twelve, and fifteen paces. Colonel Major used the "Clay pistol," with the history of which almost every one is familiar. Mr. Green had the celebrated "Burr pistol" at his disposal. The weapons are very similar to each other, and are suggestive of a chilly sensation of the spine. They carry balls comparable, in point of size, to the ordinary English walnut, and would let as large a ray of daylight through humanity as the most cold-blooded duelist could desire. The "Burr pistol" is the same weapon with which Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton in 1833. The pistol was transferred by Mr. Burr to his second, who presented it to a member of the Marshal family, of Virginia. It was used by Hon. Thomas F. Marshal in his duel with James Watson Webb—Mr. Webb having served a term in the Penitentiary all for the honor of being shot with so classical a weapon. The last human blood drawn by it was on the occasion of the duel between Hon. E. C. Marshal and Hon. J. W. M'Dougle, when the latter was "winged" by his antagonist. It was perhaps somewhat in remembrance of the successful career of this weapon, added to his own "dead-shot" propensity at ninety yards, that Colonel Major expressed a preference for rifles at a distance prescribed by the code of honor and Kentucky usage.

NEW PATENTS ISSUED.

During the past week about seventy-five patents have been issued from the Patent-Office. Among them, one to J. S. Brown for a self-loading cart, and another to Gottlib C. Schneider for an improved hob for cutting screw-chasers. Both these inventors are located in this city. A Massachusetts man for "improvements in machines for paring, coring, and quartering apples," and a genius from the same State for "improvement in carpet fastenings." A Rhode Island inventor, a patent for "making horse-shoe nails," and a New Yorker "for improvement in bakers' ovens." If these shall improve the quality of the bread, it ought to be hailed as a "real blessing" to all eaters of that article. "An improvement in mop-head" is in the formidable array of novelties; and in this connection an "improved stump-extractor," whether of teeth or of trees is not mentioned. "A road-scraper," too, is patented. New Hampshire can boast of an "improvement in cheese-hoops," and Massachusetts for "design for busts of Napoleon Bonaparte." We presume that all these things "pay"—at least the fees to the Patent-Office.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL POISONINGS.

The editor of New York *Scalpel*, on a full review of the facts developed in relation to the National Hotel poisonings, comes to the following conclusions:

"We have a patient from the immediate vicinity of this hotel—a very common-sense man and a house-keeper—who assures us that his premises were overrun with rats from the hotel; dozens of them might be seen at almost any hour of the day in the yard—indeed, they were so numerous as to be incredible, and a man from this city was sent for to poison them. He did so, and what he used it is not very probable he told. Those ingenious philosophers are not apt to communicate their secrets. The rats all disappeared. My patient tells me not one is visible on his premises, and they were in numbers so incredible, that he would not venture to say; but we know, for we have been there and seen them in the hotel-yard. He had a servant who had been employed at the hotel, and she told him that it was known to all the other servants, that a great number of dead rats were taken from the water-tank, which was used *for cooking and other household purposes!* This was published at the time, and is doubtless true; for a rat's instinct, after eating arsenic, will lead him to the top of a house to get water; and nothing is easier than for them to get in a water-tank. No other persons than those who ate at the hotel were affected, although that sewer opens directly before the room, and under the doors and windows of a telegraphic office, where sixteen gentlemen are constantly operating.

That this National Hotel epidemic should have been confined solely to one house, and have produced the set of symptoms it did, without a specific or *material* poison acting on the stomach and its appendages, is *absurd*. Arsenic, *mechanically diffused* from the decayed rats, and slowly acting on the stomach, is sufficient to account for all the symptoms."

A TERRIBLE DEATH-BED SCENE.

In Philadelphia, during the height of the storm on Sunday evening, 21st ult., a fearful scene occurred. A family was seated around a table engaged in ordinary conversation, when a dispute among some of the children and young people took place. Words grew high, and the mother attempted to quell the disturbance. In turn, she was made the object of their anger, and while the heated blood was finding vent in words, the parent arose from her seat and once more interposed. It was of no avail, and the parties nearly came to blows. At that moment, while from her own children coals of mental fire were being heaped upon the mother, she suddenly sank down *dead*, and her last breath was drowned by the angry voices of her offspring. The feelings of those present no words can adequately describe; but on their minds for years to come we should imagine that an impress would remain of the angry group, the little room, and the dying mother reviled by her own children.

THE GHOST OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

In Wisconsin, in the midst of the terrible storm which prevailed on the night of Saturday, 13th ult., some of the residents on the line of the Beloit and Madison Railroad heard, at midnight, the very unusual sound of a railway train thundering along the track. Many sprang from their beds, and looked out into the darkness, and the lightning revealed to their astonished eyes glimpses of a baggage-car and two passenger-cars rushing by without locomotive or tender, and not a soul to be seen on board. Occurring at the time when the fierce storm, with its heavy thunder and lurid lightning, was prevailing, the event assumed to many minds a supernatural character, and there were those even who longed for the day to come, with trembling hearts, for all must be aware that superstition and credulity are not yet banished from the earth. It was just the night for such a thing to happen, according to all the established rules laid down for ghosts and demons to indulge their fearful revels.

In the morning a locomotive, containing an engineer and conductor, came quietly by, and the people learned that the cars they had seen were nothing more nor less than runaways. They had been standing on the track at Fortville; the high wind had started them; as they were on a down-grade, all attempt to stop them, after they had got under way, was useless; and so they went rushing along the inclined rails with gradually accelerating speed, till, several miles distant, coming upon a level, the force of their forward motion was exhausted, and they brought up at Afton, where the conductor found them uninjured. A very good ghost story was thus spoiled.

PEARLS BY THE BUSHEL.

A story is told in an Albany paper to the effect that about fourteen or fifteen days since two gentlemen, who were about to proceed on a fishing excursion, were searching in a mud-bottomed creek near Albany for bait, when one of them found a large-sized common muscle. By way of a joke he called out to his companion that he had picked up a valuable gem, and then laughingly produced the muscle, saying that the gem was inside in the shape of a priceless pearl. His friend smiled at the "sell," and the muscle was actually thrown aside without being opened.

Shortly afterward, however, the same gentleman came across another muscle, smaller than the first, but with a round, full shell. This time, his curiosity being somewhat aroused, he took out his knife, inserted it between the shells, and forced them apart. To his utter astonishment he actually discovered a small, but beautifully-pure pearl, perfect in shape, and free from the slightest flaw. He now shouted to his friend in earnest, and when he returned, the two went back to the spot where the first muscle found had been cast, recovered and opened it, and discovered, to their amazement and delight, that it contained a pearl of nearly fabulous size, of an oval shape, and as pure and perfect as the one first found. Unpracticed as they were in judging of such things, they foresaw in a moment that its value alone must be a fortune.

As our readers may imagine, fishing was instantly forgotten by the fortunate couple, and with eager energy they set to work to search for more of the same sort. Wading into the water up to their waists, utterly disregarding broadcloth and linen; now kneeling in the thick mud, and now groveling in it with their hands, they continued their explorations until utterly incapacitated by hunger and fatigue from further prosecuting the labor. They had not worked without reward, for the muscles were actually found in heaps, having apparently been undisturbed for centuries, and we are credibly informed that every fifth or sixth shell contained a pearl of greater or less size. Indeed, by the time they had rested from the search they had two or three pockets full of the precious gems.

NET RESULTS.

For six days the spot was visited by the two friends, both of whom, to the wonder of their families and employés—for both are gentlemen engaged in business in Albany—started off at an early hour in company, and returned late at night. At the end of that time, and about one week since, one of the parties started for New York with nearly a bushel of choice pearls in his possession. His first application in the city was made to a celebrated firm in the jewelry business on Broadway, and, on examination of the pearls, they were pronounced to be of the first quality, and of large value. The firm immediately advanced $40,000 upon the gems, and took them into their keeping, giving a receipt for them by the measure.

The owner of the pearls drew the money in gold, and, depositing it in his carpet-bag, started for home on the Hudson River Road. As he landed on this side he was met by an old friend, who, slapping him on the back, said, in a familiar tone: "Ah, old boy, how are you—*traveling on your muscle*, eh?" The pearl-finder started and turned pale. Associating the remark at once with the discovery of the muscles, and without a moment's thought, he exclaimed: "Good God! how did you find it out? Does any one else know about it but you?" "Why, no!" replied the bewildered friend. "Then step in here to the Stanwix," was the rejoinder, "and I'll make it worth your while to keep quiet."

Not knowing what to make out of such strange conduct, and almost doubting the sanity of his friend, the person who had accosted the lucky fisherman accompanied him to a private room, and soon received an explanation, much to his own satisfaction, and without letting out the fact of his own previous ignorance of the discovery of the pearls. This third party has since been prosecuting the search, and has obtained probably $15,000 to $20,000 worth of the precious stones.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

Parliament is very busy, but no acts of particular importance have yet been passed. A motion to inquire into the Board of Trade failed. Lord Granville's bill to regulate the sale of poisons has been referred to a Committee. Lord Palmerston has announced a bill on Church Rates. A long discussion had taken place on the Jews Oath and Disabilities bill, which had been sustained; the Catholic amendment had been lost by a large majority.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

The first Drawing-room of the season, held a few days since by Her Majesty, at St. James's Palace, was most brilliantly attended. The limited opportunity for presentation, the advent of a State ball, and the advanced period of the season, all contributed to throng the *salons* of the palace on this occasion. Her Majesty dispensed with the use of mourning for the late Duchess of Gloucester, except with the members of her own household; and the ladies who attended the Drawing-room, therefore, displayed dresses of great beauty and magnificence. The Queen herself was dressed in black silk, trimmed with crape and ornamented with black flowers, and the head-dress was composed of jet ornaments and black feathers.

HOW THE PALACE WAS STORMED.

It seems that the palace is a sort of Sebastopol which loyal subjects who want to see the Queen require to storm. The stronger and more adventurous get up early, dress early, and, under the directions of the police, fall into the rank in Bond Street, or even Oxford Street, about noon, the Drawing-room beginning at two, and there being no hope of achieving the great act of the day till between three and four. When they eventually arrive at St. James's, and are at last put down, then begins a process not very unlike some of the more disastrous passages of the Crimean story. It is an affair of barricades and "pens," people are passed up to the Palace by the police, crowded into a "pen," and made to go through a series of rapid evolutions, till they find themselves once more in the same sort of durance, and have the pleasure of hearing their carriage called, often without the power of quitting the spot on which they stand, unless they can either fly over the heads of the reeking crowd or creep under their feet. Fortunate indeed are they if they escape with no further damage than the loss of a few yards of lace, a satin shoe, a flounce, or a handkerchief. "Fortunate," we say, because some lose their temper also; and not a few are several days recovering from the heat, pressure, and even violence of the struggle. A correspondent of the *Times* describes the recent scene as follows: "To protect the approach to the celebrated Pen his lordship had cunningly constructed of old benches, by the advice of Todtleben, a sort of outwork; this at first was regarded with some awe and respect, but as the pressure in the rear became greater, some lady more adventurous than the rest actually cleared the outside fence; her example was soon followed, the Irishwomen taking the lead, and clearing the fences with that peculiar tact for which their country horses are so celebrated. The Marchioness of D., the Countess of L., my Lady E., were seen going over in first-rate style; but an unfortunate English girl, Miss F. C. L., not so well educated, having scrambled on to the top of the bank, was drawing breath previous to the final spring, when suddenly her progress was arrested by one of the helmeted veterans crying out at the top of his voice, 'Hallo, madame; the Lord Chamberlain desires the ladies will not leap over the fences!' The poor girl fell back into her father's arms, an old soldier, who briefly but not very courteously replied, in a deep guttural tone, 'The Lord Chamberlain be —' to which doom I fancied that I heard several sweet and gentle voices whisper, 'Amen!' To superintend the Court arrangements of the richest and greatest Sovereign on the earth, this said Lord Chamberlain and his staff are paid some £5000 or £6000 a year."

THE DEATH OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Douglas Jerrold is dead. He was born in London on the 3d of January, 1803, and to the fact that his father was manager of the Sheerness Theatre may be attributed that predilection for the stage which forms a leading characteristic of the greater portion of his life. However, his earliest expressed passion, fostered no doubt by the scene which Sheerness presented during the height of the war, was for a maritime life, and he obtained a midshipman's appointment through the good offices of Captain Austen, brother of Miss Austen, the novelist. With the war ended his nautical career, and, on quitting the service, he was apprenticed to a printer in London. His leisure hours were now devoted to self-instruction, Shakspeare being his chief author. An essay on the opera of Der Freischütz, which he dropped into the editorial box of a newspaper on which he was employed as a compositor, is the reported beginning of his literary labors. To his infinite delight, his own anonymous "copy" was handed over to him to put in type, and shortly afterward appeared an editorial notice soliciting other contributions from the unknown correspondent.

His two plays *Black-eyed Susan* and the *Rent Day*, stamped him at once as the most popular dramatist of his time—as the writer, above all others, who could command the suffrages of the multitude. But, having secured the favor of the many, Mr. Jerrold now appealed to the "tastes" of the few. His *Nell Gwynne*, perhaps the most delightful play he ever penned, presupposed a familiarity with the artificial tone that prevailed during the reign of Charles II., though even here the sympathetic heart of the writer spoke through the sparkling dialogue of his personages. Other pieces followed, equally meritorious, but less popular with the masses. Latterly the greatest literary triumphs of Mr. Jerrold have been achieved in the periodical publications of the day. The papers which he collected under the title of "Cakes and Ale," are charming ebullitions of the fancy, and the "Caudle Lectures," which so accelerated the rising popularity of *Punch*, stand as specimens of minute life-painting that can scarcely be surpassed. At the time when these famous lectures were in course of publication there was not a hen-pecked husband in the United Kingdom who did not snatch up *Punch* every week to contemplate his own misfortunes "*veluti in speculo.*"

For the last few years Mr. Jerrold was chiefly occupied as the Editor of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, and, by the custom of the English press, his own individuality could no longer be expressed as distinctly as in his earlier works. But there was one character in which Mr. Douglas Jerrold was always pre-eminent, and that was as the social wit. Marmontel said of Diderot that those who had read his works only, and had never heard him speak, could not form an estimate of his merits, and the same may be said of Douglas Jerrold. To conceive a brilliant and elaborate repartee was with him the work of a moment; nay, we could, if we would, cite cases in which the cue was barely pronounced before the retort was fired off. The most novel combinations of ideas were effected by him with electric rapidity, even an old pun could become new from his manner of uttering it, and, what was most wonderful of all, there was generally a deep truth couched at the bottom of his pleasantry, so that the joke, which had created a roar on its first utterance, actually appeared bitter when it became a subject of sober reflection.

A SILVER CRADLE.

The Mayoress of Liverpool is about to be presented with a silver cradle (in accordance with a custom of that municipality) to commemorate the birth of a child during her husband's year of office.

A DOLLAR'S WORTH OF DRUNKENNESS.

At the Westminster police court, a few days ago, a boy aged fifteen was charged with being drunk and assaulting the police, for which he was fined ten shillings. In the course of the afternoon his mother came, and tendered half that amount to procure his liberation; and upon being told the required sum, coolly remarked that it must be a mistake to want ten shillings for drunkenness, "as she never paid more than five shillings in her life."

THE FIRST MAN SAVED BY THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.

At the late anniversary of the Royal Humane Society, Mr. Dallas, United States Minister, made a speech, in which he said that he was placed under an obligation to the Royal Humane Society eighteen years before he was born. He perceived in the paper which had just been placed before him that there had been 15,960 cases of rescues from death by drowning, effected through the agency of that noble institution, or at the rate of 200 per annum. There was probably not a single individual connected with the Society who could be old enough to recollect the incident to which he was about to refer; for if any body could recollect it, it would be the venerable gentleman opposite to him, and he was sure that even his age would fall a few years short. He wished to speak to them of the first man whom their association rescued from death. It was near the years 1774 and 1775, just after the Humane Society had been instituted. A young man, of excellent education, of large property, about seventeen years of age, was walking with his servant on the banks of the Thames. He came to its brink, and, the weather being unusually warm, he soon ventured to doff his clothes and to plunge into the river. He was a gallant and excellent swimmer. He struck out boldly and lustily for the centre of the stream, but before he got there he was seized with a violent cramp, and with one shriek, he sunk immediately. His servant, distracted, ran toward some neighboring building. At that very time, and for the first time, the implements of the Royal Humane Society—the grappling-irons, the drags, the boats—were accessible. These were put into immediate requisition, and the alarm having been given, the young man was taken from the water. According to the usage of the time, he was rolled upon the bridge, and rescued, resuscitated, and restored, by the agency of that institution. That was in 1774 or 1775. He was then seventeen years of age. Five years after that young man was rescued, he married, and in the course of a few years he went to the United States, where he arrived in 1783, just at the close of the Revolutionary war. He became himself one of the most conspicuous counsel of the United States of America. That young man, that counsel, who had been rescued by the Royal Humane Society, who became the head of a numerous family, whose descendants were now well known throughout the United States of America—that young man, he might say, without any feeling of vanity—that young man was his own father.

HOW TO MAKE A JURY AGREE.

The following plan is stated to have been pursued by some officials at the late Worcester session to hasten the decision of a refractory jury, who were locked up to consider their verdict. It was past dinner time, and the court officials had no relish to pass the night in waiting upon the twelve conscientious men. A large dish of beef-steaks, fried with onions, giving off a body of aroma sufficient to fill the largest hall in England, was brought into the passage close to the door of the unhappy jurymen's prison. The bailiff, who wished the "stand-outs" at Jericho, opened the door; the cover was taken off the dish; the aroma of the steaks and onions floated in; it invaded and pervaded every square inch of the black hole, and the jury's nasals were violently affected. Mere mortal Englishmen couldn't long resist such a remembrancer of dinner. A second opening of the door and advancement of the dish enabled the jury to find a verdict.

FRANCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

The preparations for the elections absorb public attention, and almost exclusively occupy the journalists who have not the fear of an "*avertissement*" before their eyes. The Government, or, as M. Granier de Cassagnac observes in the *Constitutionnel*, the Emperor has already proclaimed his list of candidates; but so many are likely to start on the same interest that the prefects are puzzled what to do or whom to favor. It is a perfect *embarras de richesses*. There does not seem to be a perfect understanding between those functionaries and their immediate chief, the Minister of the Interior. The prefects, naturally enough, recommend their own particular friends, and the Minister is charged with being too yielding to their exigencies. That there is some misunderstanding is evident from the fact that, while the *Siècle* and other journals of the capital discuss the question of the elections, several of the provincial papers complain that they are prohibited from doing so. This occurs, no doubt, from the excessive zeal of those functionaries, some of whom are more ministerial than the Government itself. Although the good time has passed for journalists in France, when the press was the surest stepping-stone to power and Parliamentary fame, still the Legislative Corps is open to certain privileged journalists, who, if they can not aspire to administrative honors, may gratify their vanity by signing their articles with the word "deputy" attached to their names, and may also increase their incomes to the extent of £240 per annum, which represents the remuneration of a deputy.

CANDIDATES HERE AND THERE.

The following is the latest list of the opposition candidates for Paris, and for which the electors will be asked to vote: First electoral district. M. Laboulaye, member of the Academy, and one of the editors of the *Journal des Débats*. Second—M. Bethmont, former Minister under the Republic. Third—General Cavaignac. Fourth—M. Emile Ollivier, Advocate. Fifth—M. Carnot, Minister under the Republic. Sixth—M. Goudchaux, ditto. Seventh—M. Darimon, editor of the *Presse*. Eighth—M. Vavin, former representative of the people. Ninth—M. F. de Lasteyrie, ditto. Tenth—M. Regnault, former Sub-Prefect of Sceaux.

M. A. Renée, the political director of the *Constitutionnel*, who signs the more or less semi-official articles in that paper, is a Government candidate for the new Chamber, as likewise is his colleague on the same paper, M. Granier de Cassagnac. Both will undoubtedly be elected. M. Havin, of the *Siècle* is a candidate for Paris; and it is rumored that M. de St. Mare Girardin, of the *Débats*, will likewise be brought forward in one of the Northern departments. The most interesting struggle will, however, be in the Doubs, where a severe contest will take place between M. de Montalembert and the Duc de Conegliano, chamberlain to the Emperor.

A BOLD PLATFORM.

One of the most remarkable electoral addresses that has yet come out is one issued in the department of the Eure-et-Loire by a non-official candidate named Henri Bosselet. He takes for his text the promise made to the nation by the Emperor at the beginning of his reign, that "Liberty should one day crown the edifice." M. Bosselet thinks that the proper time has come, and it is for that reason that he presents himself as a candidate. "If," he says to the electors, "you return to the Corps Legislatif the old deputies, you will show yourselves satisfied with the present state of things; if, on the contrary, you vote for the independent candidates, you will declare that in your opinion the hour has come for the fulfillment of the promise made to the nation, 'Liberty shall crown the edifice.' I therefore ask for your suffrages, being one of those who think that the time has arrived, and that the management of public affairs should now be in the hands of independent men."

THE LOUVRE REINAUGURATED.

A novelty is announced this year for the *Fête Napoleon* of August 15. On that day the Emperor, the Empress, and the grand dignitaries of the empire will attend a solemn inauguration of the Palais of the Louvre, which will then be entirely finished. All the architects, sculptors, and artists of every description, who have taken part in the great work, will have seats assigned to them at this ceremony.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

From the late French census the following curious details in reference to French marriages have been condensed:

"The *maximum* of marriages takes place in February, and the *minimum* in March, the time of Lent. A slight diminution is likewise noticed in the harvest months. The amount of education possessed by the married couples has, we regret to say, been ascertained only in 82 departments, and in 256,663 marriages. Of this number, 170,172 husbands were able to sign their names, as were 116,133 wives. The remainder of the husbands and wives, or nearly a third of the men, and more than half of the women, who married in 1853, could neither read nor write. Of the above marriages 34 took place between nephews and aunts, 107 between uncles and nieces, 629 between brothers and sisters-in-law, 2309 between first cousins. In 1853, 834,177 deaths were registered, representing a diminution of 14,419 on the preceding year. The months of June and July, which are signalized by the greatest number of births, are also the months when the fewest deaths occur. On the other hand, the month of March, when births are rare, is plentiful in deaths. Deaths occur more often during the day than during the night. In towns the majority of deaths take place in the afternoon, and in the country during the morning hours."

A JOHN DEAN CASE IN PARIS.

Young ladies in this country, of a romantic turn of mind, may derive some idea of the misery which awaits ill-assorted matches, from a case now before the Paris tribunals, in which a Madame Chabre seeks to be divorced from her husband, Monsieur Chabre, *alias* "Lightning." The lady, it appears, is the daughter of a noble Belgian family, and she was some years ago possessed of beauty, youth, and some $36,000. It happened that, while visiting the famous circus of M. Dijean at Brussels, she fell desperately in love with the clown of his establishment, surnamed Lightning, probably from the marvelous manner in which he blazed away. She followed the interesting object of her passion to Paris, where she and Lightning were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. But the ungrateful clown, after spending the property brought to him by his romantic wife, deserted the latter, and went away with a young lady connected with Franconi's, whose talents in jumping through paper hoops captivated his practical mind.

A CURIOUS CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A lady who, in February, 1856, was engaged in a law-suit was waited on by a young man, who represented himself as a nephew of the president of the tribunal who was trying the case, and said that if she would show him certain papers he could perhaps induce his uncle to decide in her favor. The lady proceeded to search for the papers, and as she was doing so the young man snatched up a portemonnaie containing two bank notes of 100 francs each and took to flight with it. Some months after, she met a man in the street who so strongly resembled the thief that she had him arrested. The man energetically protested his innocence, and produced an inspector of police who testified that he knew him to be a respectable person. It was consequently thought that the lady was mistaken in his identity, and he was released. Circumstances, however, were subsequently discovered which seemed to prove his guilt; but he had disappeared, and was condemned by default to two years' imprisonment. He was afterward captured, and he appealed to the Imperial Court against that condemnation. When the appeal came on a curious circumstance occurred; one of the ushers declared that for some days past he had noticed among the public attending the court a man who so strongly resembled the prisoner that it was probable he (the prisoner) was not the real thief. The court quashed the judgment by default, and ordered the man to be tried anew by the Tribunal of Correctional Police. The trial took place on Saturday. The lady who was robbed of the 200 francs declared that she had no doubt that the man was the thief. The prisoner, however, vehemently protested that he was innocent, and that he was mistaken for another person who unfortunately strongly resembled him. And he proved that at the very time the robbery was committed he was confined to his bed by a bilious fever; he also proved himself to be a man of good character, and tutor of the sons of a general; he further showed that he had performed various acts of devotedness, one of them being the extinguishing, at the risk of his own life, a violent fire. The tribunal came to the conclusion that the prisoner was not the thief, and ordered him to be discharged.

MORE HOOPS ON FIRE.

A strange affair occurred a few days ago on the Boulevard Montmartre, near the Rue Richelieu. As two elegantly-dressed young ladies were walking along, the dress of one suddenly caught fire; and when the other unhesitatingly attempted to extinguish it, her dress also caught fire. In a moment the two ladies were completely enveloped in flames; the passers-by, who collected around them, succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but the ladies' dresses, which were of muslin, their mantelets, and their vails, were completely consumed; their gigantic petticoats of crinoline, however, remained uninjured. The young ladies presented a pitiable aspect; but the by-standers never thought of taking them into a house, and some of them even made jokes about them, and especially about their crinolines. At length, however, M. Lanet, commissary of police of the section of the Opera, happened to come up, and being told what had taken place, conveyed the young ladies to the house of a friend of his in the Rue Drouot, and procured medical assistance for them. It turned out that they were not much injured. They proved to be sisters, daughters of a respectable gentleman in the Faubourg du Roule; and garments having been obtained for them, they were sent home. It is supposed that the fire was caused by the light muslin dress having come in contact with a lighted match thrown on the pavement by a cigar-smoker.

A BABE IN THE WOOD.

A little girl, about nine years of age, residing in a small cottage at Chatonnay (Vienne), was employed to take three young goats to browse in the neighboring wood. About a month ago she went out as usual with her little flock, but did not return in the evening, nor on the next two days, and considerable alarm was felt. Five days after her disappearance, a woodman belonging to the commune found the child lying among some brushwood, with her head supported on one arm, and the goats standing round her, as if mounting guard for her protection. The face of the child was livid, and at the first glance he supposed her to be dead. On lifting her up, the man found that she still breathed, and he went off in all haste to obtain medical assistance. A vehicle was obtained, in which she was conveyed to the house of a farmer near, where every attention was paid her, and she soon recovered. On the day of her disappearance a severe thunder-storm had come on, and in alarm the poor child had gone into the thickest part of the wood, and having lost her way, had fallen down from fatigue, and remained there, exposed to hunger and cold, for five days, until found.

PRUSSIA.

THE NEW LADIES' HAT.

A curious trick has just been played off at Berlin, in order to bring into disrepute a new enormous slouched riding hat, which is now in vogue among the fair fashionables of the Prussian capital. A few days since, at the usual hour for walking on the frequented promenade of the Tilleuls, a rag gatherer, with her basket on her back, was observed walking up and down with her head covered with one of those appendages. An inquiry was entered into by the police, when it was ascertained that two gentlemen meeting the woman had taken her into a shop and furnished her with the hat, at the expense of 37 francs, and given her a crown piece to go and walk with it among the fashionables, which the woman readily consented to do.

ITALY.

RUBENS VERY IMPROPER.

A curious instance of religious Vandalism happened in Lombardy a short time ago. A gentleman at Monza, a great lover of pictures, died. Among other valuable old paintings, he possessed two pieces by Rubens, the only pictures by that master in Lombardy that were in private hands—one of them, a zodiac on a copper plate, and the other a woman, a portrait painted in oil. The priest who had been called to the assistance of the dying man refused absolution unless these two pictures were burned, because he was of opinion that some of the figures represented on them were an offense to decency. The dying man consented, and the pictures were burned; but the heir to whom they were left (valued at a sum of 30,000 livres) sues the priest for a compensation of his loss.

SPAIN.

FATE OF A TOREADOR.

Madrid mourns and crape covers the Bull-ring, for Desperdicios is dying. Desperdicios is the *nom de guerre* of Dominguez, a famous *toreador*, who was expected here shortly to gladden the eyes and hearts of the lovers of tauromachian sports. But fate and a fierce bull have otherwise decided. On the 1st ult., in the Bull-ring of Puerto de Santa Maria, Desperdicios met with one of those grievous accidents which sometimes occur even to the most skillful of these modern gladiators. A bull, says the account which has just arrived, and spread grief and consternation through Madrid, caught him on the right side with the left horn, then on the left with the right horn, tossed him, and as he fell caught him under the chin, splitting his jaw and driving the horn up to the right eye, which it forced out. The poor fellow displayed the pluck usual in members of his dangerous craft; he submitted with great fortitude to the necessary operations; but the loss of blood was so great that it was deemed impossible he could survive, and the last sacraments were administered. Nevertheless, on the following morning his state was somewhat better. 10,000 persons were spectators of the horrible sight. On the same day El Tato, another well-known bull-fighter, was wounded in the leg.

AFRICA.

THE SEA-SERPENT TURNED UP AGAIN.

The Port Elizabeth *Mercury* relates that the sea-serpent has actually been captured in Algoa Bay by Mr. Capper, the proprietor of the Sunday Island Ferry, assisted by Mr. Newcome. It was thrown ashore near Cape Padrone, and supposed by the colored people who found it to be an immense fish. It proved, however, to be "a creature with a long serpent-like body, about eighty or ninety feet in length, with an enormous head, possessing the properties of the reptile species, and a mouth furnished with a formidable row of serrated teeth on both jaws, which, when closed, dove-tailed one into another." The animal was dead, and decomposition was already going on. The head was cut off and placed in a wagon, which could scarcely contain it, and taken to a neighboring house, "where it now remains." All this is very circumstantial; but the *Argus* remarks that a vessel named the *Sea-Serpent* arrived in Algoa Bay on the day referred to. Perhaps this circumstance gave rise to a myth.

CANADA.

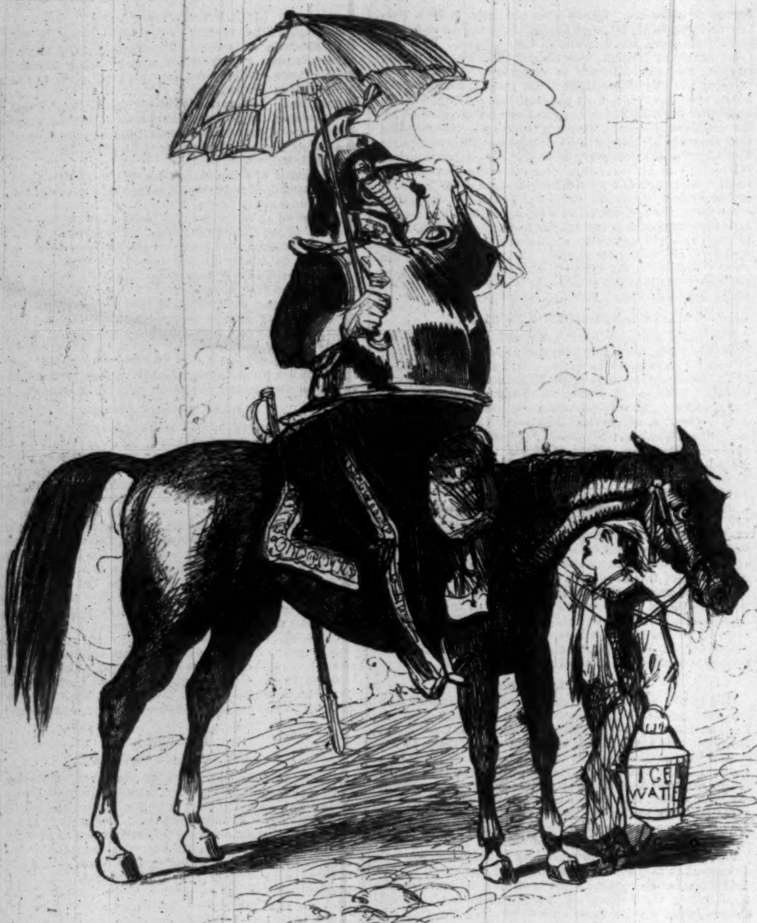
SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

The Montreal steamer was burned on 26th ult. on her way up from Quebec. Nothing unusual occurred after leaving the wharf until the *Montreal* had reached a point (Cape Rouge) about twelve or fifteen miles above Quebec, when the wood-work near the furnaces was discovered to be on fire. Almost at the very moment that the smoke was first discovered the flames broke forth, causing the utmost consternation among the crowded passengers.

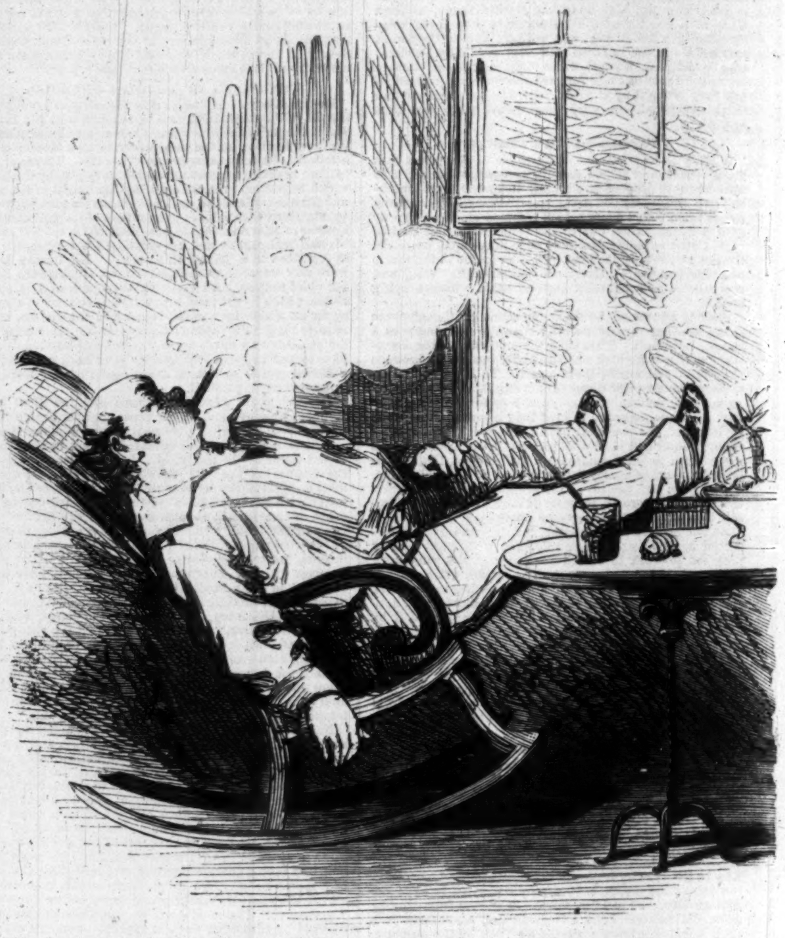
The fire was first discovered at about five o'clock, when the steamer was nearly abreast of Cape Rouge.

Every effort was made to arrest the flames, and for this purpose the engines were stopped so as to lessen the draft; but, finding it impossible to save the steamer, Captain Rudolph ordered her to be run toward the shore, and at the same time the officers and crew exerted themselves to get out the life-boats. The flames spread with the most astonishing rapidity, and in a few minutes after the steamer began to move forward the wildest confusion and despair prevailed throughout the ship, and numbers of the passengers threw themselves overboard, and were in most cases drowned.

Captain Rudolph and the purser of the *Montreal* were among the number of those who threw themselves into the river, and they being excellent swimmers succeeded in reaching the steamer *Alliance* and were saved. Sixteen of those saved died within a short time after they reached the deck of the *Napoleon*, and from present information it is believed that the total loss of life by this terrible disaster will not fall short of from 300 to 400.



THE MAN WHO DOES HIS DUTY ON THE FOURTH.



THE MAN WHO DOESN'T.

HOW TO SPEND THE FOURTH.

Courteous reader, how do you propose to spend the glorious Fourth? Busy reader, what use will you make of the rare holiday which a sensible patriotism has secured to you? Fair reader, whither will you fly to escape the noise, and the fire-crackers, and the scorching sun, and the dust, and the crowds, and the avalanche of disagreeables which the glorious anniversary sets loose? Patriotic reader, how shall you best testify the honor you pay to the day?

Last year we—a dozen or so quiet people—departed from the city on the third, and made for a famous country place a few hours distant by rail. Of course, there were no beds to be had at the hotel. By a combination of bribery and entreaty we secured one large room. This was skillfully bisected by the Major, and a curtain (consisting of a spare stars and stripes, three decayed sheets, and various shawls), hung on the division line; the inner sanctuary was appropriated for the ladies, the outer for the men. A fine of $20 was pronounced against any ill-advised member of the company who should attempt to lift, move, or look through said curtain. A rider to the resolution was moved by Mrs. Jones, to the effect that the men must be up and out of the room by six in the morning; old Jones pleaded hard for seven, but finally compromised on half-past six.

At 10 P.M. the ladies retired. By the rule they were to be allowed an hour to undress, after which time the men were at liberty to enter the room. What screams, and shuffling, and scuffling, and hustling, and rustling of skirts we heard on our entrance!

All the sofas, and beds, and mattresses that had been secured had been given to the ladies. We lay on the floor. In ten minutes the inexorable Major blew out the candle, and all was still. Not long, however.

Up starts the Major, in a fury.

"Who was that? Who broke the rule?"

We all spring up; the ladies scream; shouts of "Fine him!" "Who is it?" "What's the matter?"

"I heard a kiss!" sings out the clear voice of the Major.

There was a groan of horror from the virtuous company.

"Who was the kisser?" "Who was the kissee?" "Where is he?" "Who is she?" "Fine 'em both!" "Light the candle!" "Go to sleep!" "Let's have the facts!" In the uproar some one shouts that there is a man in the ladies' apartment. The uproar now becomes terrific. No genius but the Major's could have surmounted the difficulty.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a quiet voice, "this is a serious matter. If there has been any breaking of the rules, I will attend to it. Meanwhile, as I do not approve of lighting the candle, be so good as to permit me to pass you all in review in order that we may detect the offender." So saying, the stout old gentleman stood up in his shirt and drawers, and proceeded calmly to inspect us, as Polyphemus inspected his sheep, identifying each sleeper by the feel of his face and the tone of his voice as he touched him.

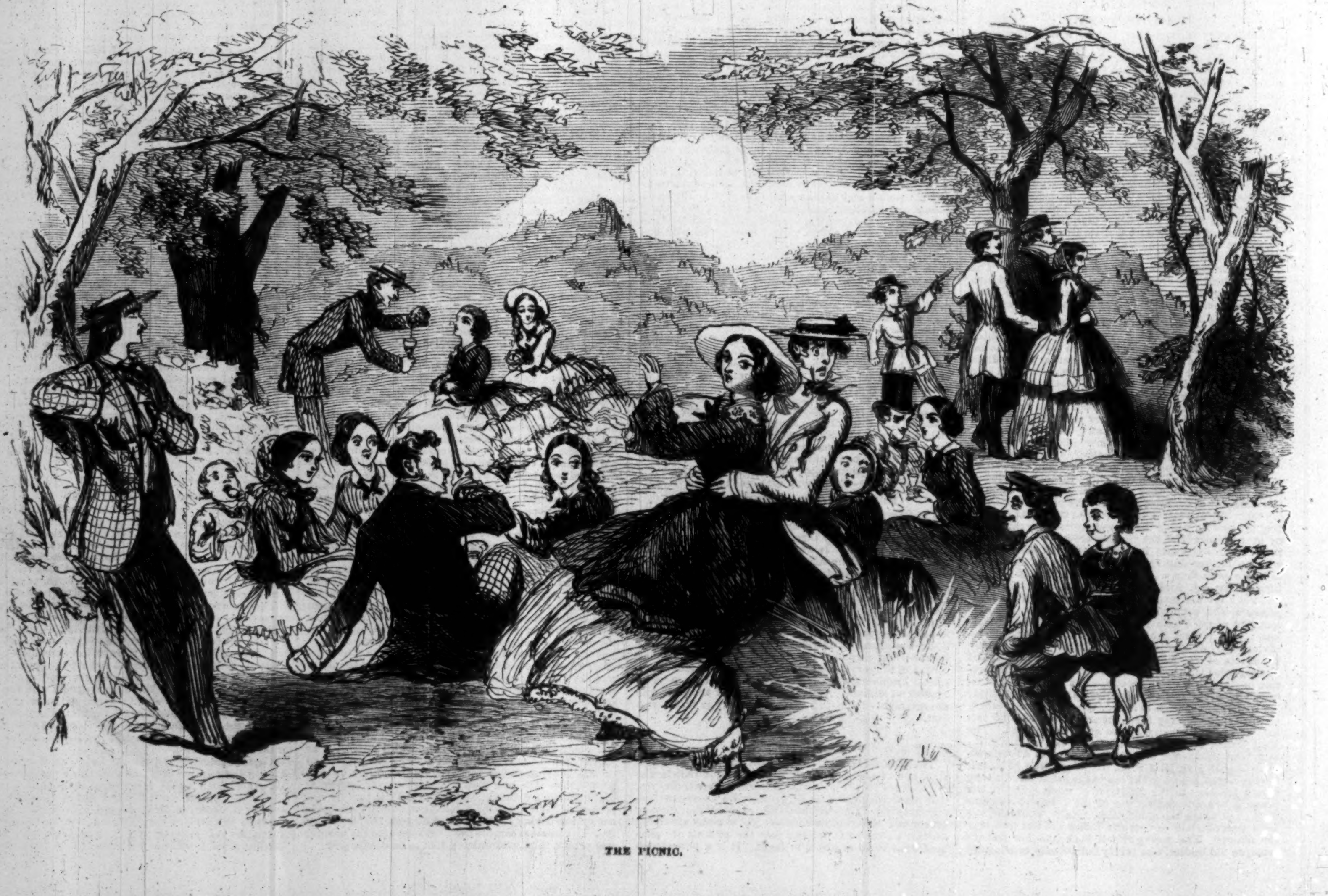
"Where's Benson?"

There was a frightful pause.

"Here!" at last announced a half-smothered voice from the immediate vicinity of the curtain.

I confess my mind was relieved. The fellow lay close to me, and I had heard the imprudent kiss plainly enough.

All parties felt calmer when Miss Ruff, in a



THE PICNIC.

very gigglish voice, confessed that *she* had kissed Miss Jones. Bless her pious fraud!

After this we slept till near morning, when that terrible Major woke us all up again with a shout:

"Egad! a woman in our department!"

"Hush! hush! man," muttered old Jones, from the inside of a large plaid which appeared to be his whole costume: "which of you fellows has hid my pants?"

I thought the women folk would have gone into convulsions.

Well, we got through the night, and were out betimes in the morning. Some accidents had happened in the night. Old Jones had found his breeches, but lost one of his shoes; neither for love nor money could he procure another pair; so he wore a slipper belonging to his wife on one foot, and the remaining shoe on the other. Young Benson—a good-looking fellow enough—was found with a streak of black across his nose apparently made with marking ink, for neither soap nor even pumice-stone would remove it. He was very unhappy about it; and in a burst of confidence confessed to me that he remembered to have felt a sweet little hand—which had protruded from under the curtain apparently to be kissed—pass softly across his face. The traitress!

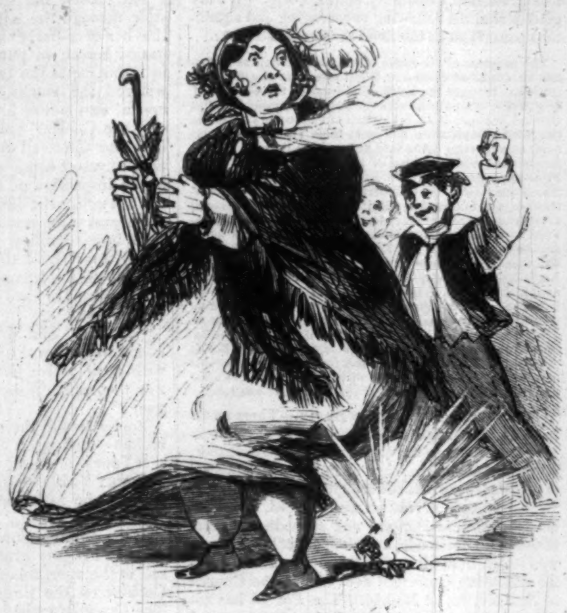
We obtained some tea at the hotel, and proceeded to a spot selected by the Major to dine. Mrs. Jones had provided several cold fowls, cold ham, a joint of mutton, one or two solid pies, tarts in abundance, salad, cream, and so forth; we youngsters had a fat hamper of wine and a box of cigars. Lucy Smith—whose hands are lovely—made the salad; Louy Lindsay was deputed to unpack the chickens, in which office Benson kindly assisted her; the rest of us built a bower and made rustic couches of leaves.

Alas! this last pastime cost us dear. George Lindsay, in a well-meant endeavor to fell a troublesome tree, fell with a terrible crash on our only pile of plates, smashing every one. Moved by the Major, seconded by young Lindsay, that we should use our hats *vice* the broken plates, eating in couples; carried *nem. con.* Of course, the cork-screw was forgotten, but the weather was so hot that the Champagne didn't feel the want of it. Indeed, it was only in too vigorous a state of effervescence. Old Jones, with a prudent eye to the future, concealed six bottles of Champagne in the hamper, and handed it to the stout Miss Ruff for a seat. In the midst of the banquet, while the Major was toasting the President in a florid speech, the company was electrified by bang! bang! bang! from under poor Miss Ruff's capacious skirts; I thought she would have expired with vexation.

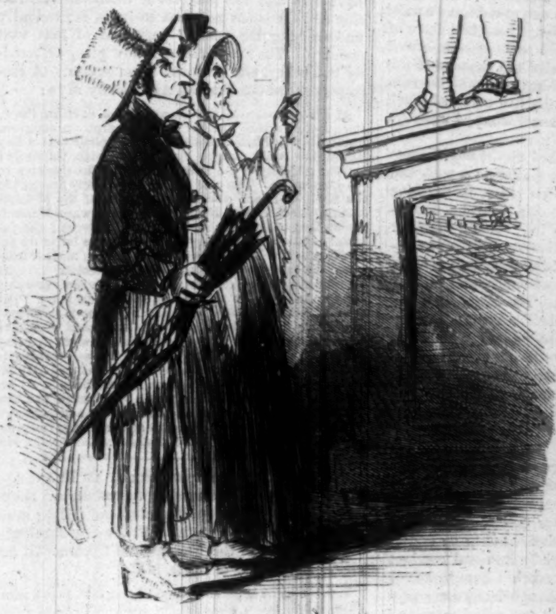
Then that unlucky Jones would deliver an oration, "suitable to the day," he said.

How it was I know not; but old Jones's audience soon dwindled down to the Major and Mrs. J. For my own part I had strolled away with Lucy Smith, just to see the scenery. We were a good deal bored by the stupid love-making of some of the young people. First we stumbled on Arthur and Louy, who were actually hand in hand, sitting at the foot of a tree. Lucy was much shocked, and we hastened in another direction; next minute, I distinctly heard a kiss, and there straight before us stood Amelia, as red as a peony, with her cousin George, pretending to be calm. Well, we struck into the woods to avoid such discoveries, and, as luck would have it, nearly walked over Benson and Emily in very close consultation. I determined to expose these reckless young persons, and, to concert a plan for the purpose, withdrew to a shady spot with Lucy; we could not agree at first upon the

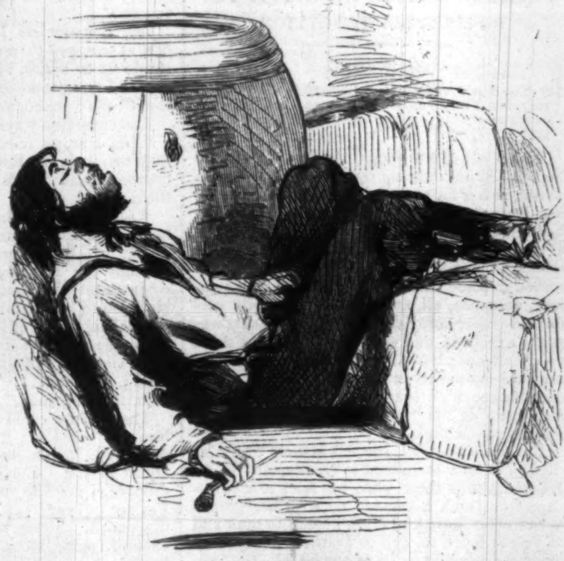
FOUR WAYS OF KEEPING THE FOURTH.



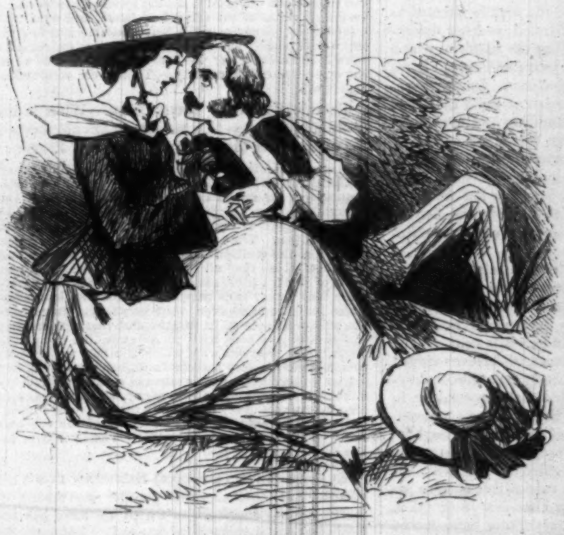
YOUNG AMERICA'S WAY.



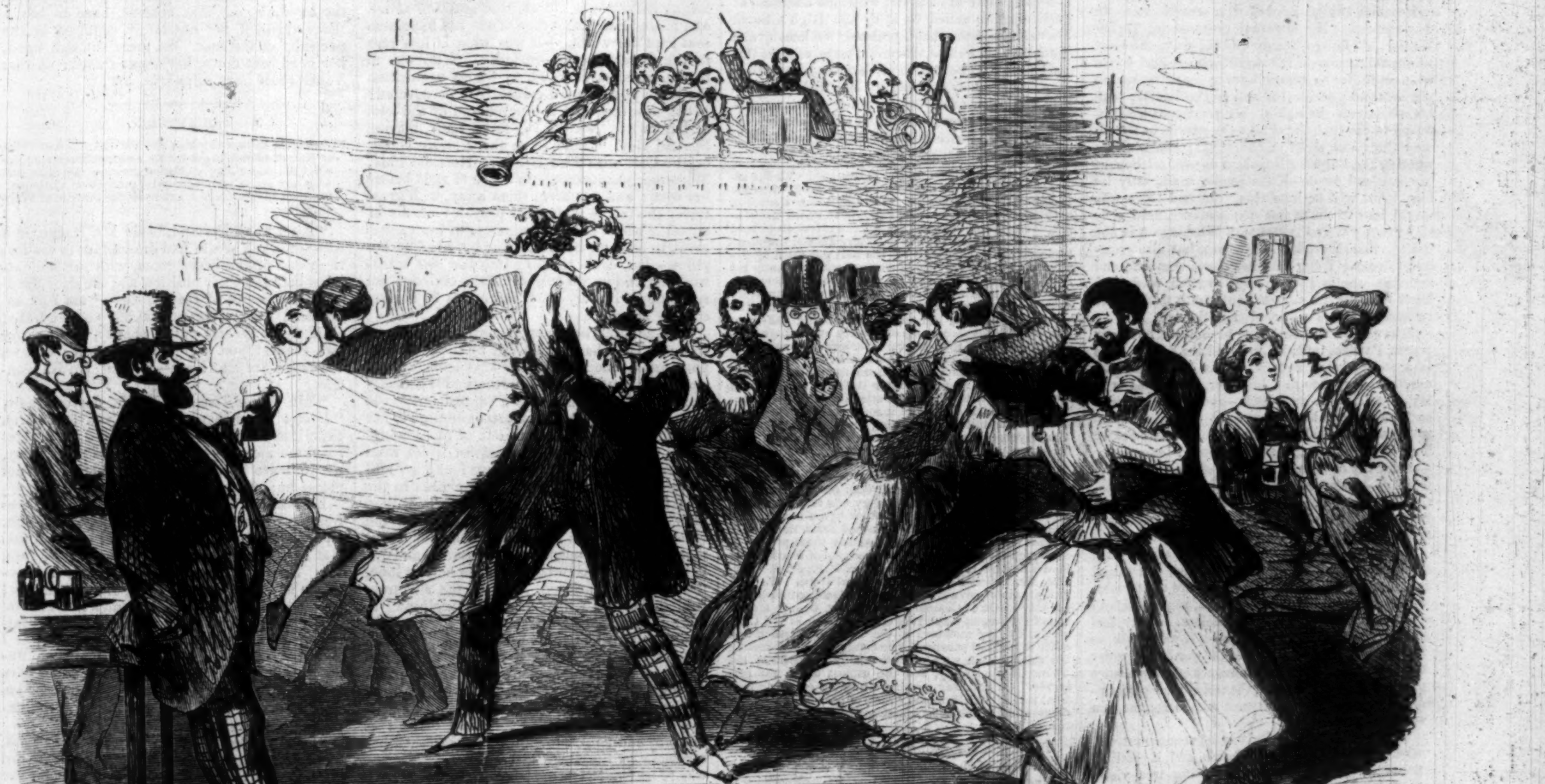
FARMER WHILTY'S WAY.



THE PRACTICAL WAY.



THE SENSIBLE WAY.



A GERMAN DANCE ON THE FOURTH.

best way of managing the matter, and while we were in consultation up came the Major, who had been taking so much wine that he had the impertinence to assert that my arm was round Lucy's waist and her head on my shoulder. I set him down of course. [The reader should perhaps be informed that Lucy and I were married the September following, though this has nothing to do with the subject; and, I repeat, the Major had taken so much Champagne that he didn't know what he was saying.]

Toward nightfall we packed up the *impedimenta* in a cart. Old Jones was seated on a pail, and strapped down, to prevent his rising to continue his oration, as he panted to do; several of the ladies were packed upon the top; Young Lindsay crowned the pyramid as driver. Most of us being vocally inclined, most of us sang songs—each person constituting his own audience, and singing independently of the others. The Major, in a fine base, gave "Hail, Columbia!" Young Lindsay struck up the "Star-spangled Banner;" his sister sang "Annie Laurie;" Miss Ruff, "Still so gently;" Benson a negro melody. As they all sang simultaneously, and old Jones continued his oration under all his disadvantages of position, the general effect was very fine. I had a little quiet conversation with Lucy on the way home—I believe on the merits of Tennyson.

This, gentle reader, is one way of spending the Fourth. And though I can not recommend the sleeping arrangement of our party, for obvious reasons—though, finally, I desire not to be understood as approving the slightly immoral conduct of old Jones, who took so much Champagne, or the light behavior of the thoughtless young people, I think withal that it is not a bad way, and venture to recommend it to such of my friends as can summon a genial, kind party together.

My old friend, Colonel Brumper, will not hear of any such frivolities. He says a man owes himself to his country, which expects that he will do his duty, on that day at least. Accordingly, about the 15th June of every year the cook is directed to clean Brumper's cuirass; Mrs. B. and her daughters are kept busy in mending the uniform, which requires to be let out every year; and his old horse is allowed a daily extra feed of corn. On the morning of the Fourth Brumper issues from his home armed *cap-à-pie*, with ammunition and provisions for field service, and—a large cotton umbrella! I believe General Hall has remonstrated with Brumper about the last article of equipment, which he declares to be unmilitary; but Brumper has affidavits in his possession to show that Scott and Taylor used umbrellas in Mexico, and he refuses to relinquish it.

A very difficult cast of citizen is John Short, Esquire, the eminent capitalist and Wall Street operator. You shall find John Short, on the afternoon of the Fourth, in his back-parlor in ——th Street, in a luxurious attitude. His coat off, the waistband of his trowsers loose, his sleeves turned up, his feet on a table, his body in a model easy-chair; on the table beside him a sherry-cobbler, in his hand a capital cigar. The room is so constructed that a delicious current of air passes through it; the noise from the street reaches his ear in a subdued key. John Short's chief concern with the Fourth hangs on the legal rule which obliges paper and contracts maturing that day to be taken up the day before; if all his debtors have "toed the mark," John Short will enjoy his cigar, and not even abuse the boys that throw crackers about.

I confess I think John Short a sensible man—in this respect. My maternal great-uncle, Tophet Whilty, of Orange County (by-the-way, the most successful farmer of his neighborhood, and a man who ought to be better known—country papers please notice), comes to town on the Fourth, with his wife, to see the sights. My great-aunt has confessed to me that she thinks the parade in Broadway the finest sight in the world; she wonders whether the Emperor Napoleon doesn't often want to come and see it—if his people would only let him. She will be here this year, and those who would like to make her acquaintance need only stand sentry near the statue of Washington in the Park. Her sister, Mrs. Bildemup, has also promised to come; I fear that her rustic manners, and her size—she is a very large woman, with *such* legs!—may invite our petulant youth to the little rudenesses which are peculiar to the day.

I have had the curiosity to inquire how our porter, Patrick, intended to spend the Fourth. He is a steady man, Patrick, works hard, and has saved money, though a bachelor. His idea is to lay in a little—a very little—good Monongahela, and a few pipefuls of cavendish: to entrench himself in a comfortable position in the store at an early hour in the morning; and gradually, luxuriously—under the combined influence of the tobacco and whisky—to drop off to sleep. He calls this "practical" enjoyment. The engraving on the preceding page will probably be a faithful presentment of his condition on the afternoon of the Fourth.

I have received an invitation to "assist" at a German celebration of the Fourth, with dances and lager bier. The latter I like; nor are the former, with pretty German girls—spirited, piquantes, and merry—to be despised by bachelors. Duty forbids, or else I think I should go—if it were only, as Dr. Bellows wants us to go to the theatre, in order to moderate, by the moral influence of the presence of a person of my gravity, the rather loud performances which our artist assures me are common on such occasions.

After all, if you can find a quiet country retreat, where there are no monster hotels, and, if possible, no fire-crackers, where a spreading tree yields shade, and some stirring brook lends music to the scene; where you can sit alone with a dear companion, and talk as if there were no such things any where in the world as perspiring celebrations and monstrous fire-works, and exasperating crowds, and terrible civic duties—pack up your carpet-bag, be off there at once, and make up your mind that you have discovered the truly sensible way of spending the Fourth.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Religious Revolutions in Turkey.—We have seen that the progress of Christian civilization and Christian missions in India is gradually undermining the ancient paganism of that vast country. The same process is now going on steadily in Turkey, and from the same causes. A correspondent of the Turkish Aid Society says:

> At a late session of the Divan at the Sublime Porte, the question arose, whether the paragraph on religious liberty, in the Hatti-Scheriff, really implied that a Mohammedan could change his religion with impunity; and the majority of the Pashas answered the question in the affirmative. The case of a boy was lately brought to the Sheik-ul-Islam (the religious head of the Mohammedans) for decision. His father deceased was a Mohammedan, but his mother surviving was a Greek; the paternal relations of the boy claimed him to bring up according to the Mohammedan law, but the mother contested the case, and the Sheik-ul-Islam decided that, by *the new law*, the child should remain with the surviving parent, and when of age choose his own religion. The mind of the population is beginning to be familiarized to the idea, that a Mussulman who has ceased to believe in the Prophet may become a Christian without being molested. And from this we expect a great turning to the Lord, for Popery and the Greek Church can only fill with terror the minds of serious Mohammedans, on account of the rank idolatry which their creed justifies. This difficulty, Catholics and others feel and acknowledge, and they look with jealousy and fear upon the probable success of Protestant Christianity among the Mohammedans.

Progress of Protestantism in France.—This is not to be measured by the numerical showing: the tone of the public mind and feeling must be taken into the account. At the late Anniversary in London of the Evangelical Continental Society, Mr. Fisch, of Paris, said:

> It was a most hopeful and gratifying fact, that a great change had taken place in the political press of Paris. The two chief daily papers had come strongly to advocate Protestant principles. The *Journal des Débats*, the French *Times*, presided over by a young and very clever man, openly declared that there was no hope for France if it did not become Protestant. Very recently, in a leading article, he contrasted France and England, showing that the reason for the superiority of the latter was her Protestantism. So with respect to writers of history. At one time it was the fashion among historians to speak in very high terms of the Church of Rome, and with contempt of the principles of the Reformation. But now all this was reversed; and all who write history endeavor to show that France never presented so fine a type as when she was a Protestant country. These were unmistakable signs.

Roman Catholic Resistance.—What is indicated in the preceding paragraph has not escaped the attention of the Roman Catholics of France:

> A new Catholic association under the patronage of Monseigneur de Ségur, formerly an auditor of the Rota, a prelate of the Pope's household, and dignitary of the Imperial chapter, has just been formed at Paris, for the express purpose of opposing the march of Protestant propagandism. The founders of this society are much alarmed at the multiplication of Protestant schools and churches, which they attribute to the subventions and tracts of foreign Bible societies. They complain pathetically that heresy runs rampant in Limousin, has penetrated into Dauphiné, even to the very foot of the mountain of the miracle of La Salette, and that a Protestant church has just been built in Avignon, the city of the Popes. The weapons with which the new society proposes to fight are very harmless and perfectly fair. They ask all well-wishers to their cause to send money and information to Monseigneur de Ségur, and undertake to offer up prayers every day for the conversion of Protestants and the confusion of the enemies of the one true faith. The society is to be called "The Society of St. Francis de Salès."

Exeter Hall (London) Services for the Working-Classes.—This popular movement of the Church of England, to which we have heretofore alluded, increases in interest. Not only do the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London declare in its favor, when the attention of Parliament is called to it by the High Church Tractarians, but others, prelates, noblemen, and gentlemen, as well as the public press, espouse this good cause. The course of Services was opened on a late Sunday evening by the Bishop of Carlisle preaching *extempore*, speaking spontaneously from his own heart to the hearts of the people. Of this opening service a London paper gives the following interesting account:

> There is every reason to feel encouraged with the result of the opening service on Sunday evening, when the Bishop of Carlisle preached. The doors were opened at half-past five, and although the rate at which the congregation assembled indicated that the intention to hold the services had not become generally known, the numbers gradually augmented till the hall was filled by upward of 3000 persons. The great majority evidently belonged to the working-classes, and there were some examples of men attired in clothing which would probably deter them from appearing in a church or chapel. The seats being all free, the respectable-looking and those who bore the outward stamp of poverty were mingled together. Thus, on the platform we observed an aged man in work-day attire, doubtless because he had none other, and somewhat behind were three unmistakable City Arabs, to whom we trust Exeter Hall will be the portal of a Ragged-school. The fixed attention of the congregation was remarkable. The manner in which they responded and united in the singing was also very pleasing. The prayers consisted of the Litany, which, together with the hymns, had been printed in a separate form, and distributed to every person on entering. The Bishop conducted the service, first giving out the hymn, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," then reading the forty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, "Ho! every one that thirsteth," etc., and then the Litany. Another hymn having been sung, the Bishop of Carlisle preached from Rom. iv. 3, "What saith the Scripture?" Among those present to encourage the undertaking were the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Kinnaird, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., Dr. A. Crawford, Mr. Robert Baxter, and Admiral Hope. We were glad also to observe Mr. De Jersey, a leading member of the City Court of Common Council, Mr. George Moore, one of the largest employers of young men in the City, several leading members of the Open-air Mission, and other influential persons. The arrangements for seating the congregation were carried out by members of the Young Men's Society, and the utmost order was preserved. On Saturday evening a number of young men went through the thronged streets of poor neighborhoods distributing handbills announcing the service of the morrow.

To such of our readers as know of the religious destitution of the poor of London, this movement can not but be of very great interest. Nowhere is the gospel light more needed, to comfort and elevate, than among the poor of London. And it is only by such movements as that above described that this large class can be effectually reached.

The Berlin Conference.—This expression indicates the approaching session of the Christian Alliance, held in Berlin at the instance of the King of Prussia. The High Church Lutherans on the Continent, and the High Churchmen—prelates, clergy, and people—of England, are opposed to the Berlin Conference; but it represents the evangelical Protestant catholicity of the world. We are glad to read the following encouraging and significant paragraph in the London *Christian Times:*

> The progress of the cause in England is such as to forbid all doubt or distrust. What else than the force of truth has brought the leading Bishops of the Church of England to sympathize with the Berlin Assembly? What else has induced the Archbishop of Canterbury to invite the Berlin Deputation to report their proceedings next week to a meeting to be held at Lambeth Palace? These things show that the love of the Scriptures, that sound Protestant principles, are firmly imbedded in the national character. The Church of God is weary of sectarianism, and is forced to admit that, for England to stand aloof from the rest of Christendom, pent up in the boundaries of a National Establishment, never was and never can be according to the Divine will. So far, so good; but then the inquiry is made, on what principles are English Christians to fraternize with foreign? And here, again, English good sense and English knowledge of the Bible are deciding the question. True Christian union is moral, not mechanical. It is based on faith, not on Church order. It is not episcopal uniformity, but religious truth, that must bind Europe together. The Berlin Assembly is the expression of this feeling. The adhesion of a great part of the bench of bishops is the evidence that such is the real genius of the Church of England.

Despoiling Churches in Spain.—There seems to be a peculiar inclination in Spain to rob churches. According to the *España*, a very pious paper, upward of fifteen churches, including the Cathedral of Segovia, were robbed during the month of March. In that of April seventeen were robbed, including the Cathedral of Burgos; and the valuable sabre of General Urbistondo, a testimonial of his services, was stolen from his corpse while the funeral-service was being performed over him in the Church of San Martin, at Madrid. The *España* has not yet ascertained the number of churches despoiled in the month of May.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IX.

The Historian shows that, notwithstanding the progressive spirit of the times, a Briton is not permitted, without an effort, "to progress" according to his own inclinations.

Sophy could not sleep. At first she was too happy. Without being conscious of any degradation in her lot among the itinerant artists of Mr. Rugge's exhibition (how could she, when her beloved and revered protector had been one of those artists for years?), yet, instinctively, she shrunk from their contact. Doubtless, while absorbed in some stirring part, she forgot companions, audience, all, and enjoyed what she performed—necessarily enjoyed, for her acting was really excellent, and where no enjoyment there no excellence; but when the histrionic enthusiasm was not positively at work, she crept to her grandfather with something between loathing and terror of the "painted creatures" and her own borrowed tinsel.

But more than all, she felt acutely every indignity or affront offered to Gentleman Waife. Heaven knows these were not few; and to escape from such a life—to be with her grandfather alone, have him all to herself to tend and to pet, to listen to, and to prattle with, seemed to her the consummation of human felicity. Ah, but should she be all alone? Just as she was lulling herself into a doze, that question seized and roused her. And then it was not happiness that kept her waking—it was what is less rare in the female breast—curiosity. Who was to be the mysterious third, to whose acquisition the three pounds were evidently to be devoted? What new face had she purchased by the loan of her own? Not the Pig-faced Lady, nor the Spotted Boy. Could it be the Norfolk Giant, or the Calf with Two Heads? Horrible idea! Monstrous phantasmagoria began to stalk before her eyes; and, to charm them away, with great fervor she fell to saying her prayers—an act of devotion which she had forgotten, in her excitement, to perform before resting her head on her pillow—but, could we peep into the soft spirit-world around us, we might find the omission not noted down in very dark characters by the recording angel.

That act over, her thoughts took a more comely aspect than had been worn by the preceding phantasies, reflected Lionel's kind looks, and repeated his gentle words. "Heaven bless him!" she said, with emphasis, as a supplement to the habitual prayers; and then tears gathered to her grateful eyelids, for she was one of those beings whose tears come slow from sorrow, quick from affection. And so the gray dawn found her still wakeful, and she rose, bathed her cheeks in the cold fresh water, and drew them forth with a glow like Hebe's. Dressing herself with the quiet activity which characterized all her movements, she then opened the casement and inhaled the air. All was still in the narrow lane, the shops yet unclosed. But on the still trees behind the shops the birds were beginning to stir and chirp. Chanticleer, from some neighboring yard, rung out his brisk *reveillée*. Pleasant English summer dawn in the pleasant English country village. She stretched her graceful neck far from the casement, trying to catch a glimpse of the blue river. She had seen its majestic flow on the day they had arrived at the fair, and longed to gain its banks; then her servitude to the stage forbade her. Now she was to be free! Oh, joy! Now she might have her careless hours of holliday; and, forgetful of Waife's warning that their vocation must be plied in towns, she let her fancy run riot amidst visions of green fields and laughing waters, and in fond delusion gathered the daisies and chased the butterflies. Changeling transferred into that lowest world of Art from the cradle of simple Nature, her human child's heart yearned for the human childlike delights. All children love the country, the flowers, the sward, the birds, the butterflies, or, if some do not, despair, Oh, Philanthropy, of their after-lives!

She closed the window, smiling to herself, stole through the adjoining door-way, and saw that her grandfather was still asleep. Then she busied herself in putting the little sitting-room to rights, reset the table for the morning meal, watered the stocks, and, finally, took up the crystal and looked into it with awe, wondering why the Cobbler could see so much, and she only the distorted reflection of her own face. So interested, however, for once, did she become in the inspection of this mystic globe that she did not notice the dawn pass into broad daylight, nor hear a voice at the door below—nor, in short, take into cognition the external world, till a heavy tread shook the floor, and then, starting, she beheld the Remorseless Baron, with a face black enough to have darkened the crystal of Dr. Dee himself.

"Ho, ho!" said Mr. Rugge, in hissing accents, which had often thrilled the threepenny gallery with anticipative horror. "Rebellious, eh?—won't come? Where's your grandfather, baggage?"

Sophy let fall the crystal—mercy it was not broken—and gazed vacantly on the Baron.

"Your vile scamp of a grandfather?"

Sophy (with spirit). "He is not vile. You ought to be ashamed of yourself speaking so, Mr. Rugge!"

Here, simultaneously, Mr. Waife hastily, endued in his gray dressing-gown, presented himself at the aperture of the bedroom door, and the Cobbler on the threshold of the sitting-room. The Comedian stood mute, trusting, perhaps, to the imposing effect of his attitude. The Cobbler, yielding to the impulse of untheatric man, put his head doggedly on one side, and, with both hands on his hips, said,

"Civil words to my lodgers, master, or out you go!"

The Remorseless Baron glared vindictively first at one, and then at the other; at length he strode up to Waife, and said, with a withering grin, "I have something to say to you; shall I say it before your landlord?"

The comedian waved his hand to the Cobbler. "Leave us, my friend; I shall not require you. Step this way, Mr. Rugge." Rugge entered the bedroom, and Waife closed the door behind them.

"Anan," quoth the Cobbler, scratching his head. "I don't quite take your grandfather's giving in. British ground here! But your ascendant can not surely be in such malignant conjunction with that obstreperous tyrant as to bind you to him hand and foot. Let's see what the Crystal thinks of it. Take it up gently, and come down stairs with me."

"Please, no; I'll stay near grandfather," said Sophy, resolutely. "He shan't be left helpless with that rude man."

The Cobbler could not help smiling. "Lord love you," said he; "you have a spirit of your own, and, if you were my wife, I should be afraid of you. But I won't stand here eavesdropping; mayhap your grandfather has secrets I'm not to hear; call me if I'm wanted." He descended. Sophy, with less noble disdain of eaves-dropping, stood in the centre of the room, holding her breath to listen. She heard no sound—she had half a mind to put her ear to the key-hole, but that seemed, even to her, a mean thing, if not absolutely required by the necessity of the case. So there she still stood, her head bent down, her finger raised: oh that Vance could have so painted her!

CHAPTER X.

Showing the causes why Men and Nations, when one Man or Nation wishes to get for its own arbitrary purposes what the other Man or Nation does not desire to part with, are apt to ignore the mild precepts of Christianity, shock the sentiments, and upset the theories of Peace Societies.

"Am I to understand," said Mr. Rugge, in a whisper, when Waife had drawn him to the farthest end of the inner room, with the bed-curtains between their position and the door deadening the sound of their voices—"am I to understand that, after my taking you and that child to my theatre out of charity, and at your own request, you are going to quit me without warning—French leave—is that British conduct?"

"Mr. Rugge," replied Waife, deprecatingly, "I have no engagement with you beyond an experimental trial. We were free on both sides for three months—you to dismiss us any day, we to leave you. The experiment does not please us; we thank you, and depart."

Rugge. "That is not the truth. I said *I* was free to dismiss you both if the child did not suit. You, poor helpless creature, could be of no use. But I never heard you say you were to be free, too. Stand to reason not! Put my engagements at a Waife's mercy!—I, Lorenzo Rugge!—stuff! But I'm a just man, and a liberal man, and if you think you ought to have a higher salary—if this ungrateful proceeding is only, as I take it, a strike for wages—I will meet you. Julia Araminta does play better than I could have supposed; and I'll conclude an engagement on good terms, as we were to have done if the experiment answered, for three years."

Waife shook his head. "You are very good, Mr. Rugge, but it is not a strike. My little girl does not like the life at any price; and since she supports me, I am bound to please her. Besides," said the actor, with a stiffer manner, "you have broken faith with me. It was fully understood that I was to appear no more on your stage; all my task was to advise with you in the performances, remodel the plays, help in the stage-management; and you took advantage of my penury, and, when I asked for a small advance, insisted on forcing these relics of what I was upon the public pity. Enough—we part. I bear no malice."

Rugge. "Oh, don't you? No more do I. But I am a Briton, and I have the spirit of one. You had better not make an enemy of me."

Waife. "I am above the necessity of making enemies. I have an enemy ready made in myself."

Rugge placed a strong bony hand upon the cripple's arm. "I dare say you have! A bad conscience, Sir. How would you like your past life looked into and blabbed out?"

Gentleman Waife (mournfully). "The last four years of it have been spent in your service, Mr. Rugge. If their record had been blabbed out for my benefit, there would not have been a dry eye in the house."

Rugge. "I disdain your sneer. When a scorpion nursed at my bosom sneers at me, I leave it to its own reflections. But I don't speak of the years in which that scorpion has been enjoying a salary and smoking canaster at my expense. I refer to an earlier dodge in its checkered existence. Ha, Sir, you wince! I suspect I can find out something about you which would—"

Waife (fiercely). "Would what?"

Rugge. "Oh, lower your tone, Sir—no bullying me. I suspect! I have good reason for suspicion; and if you sneak off in this way, and cheat me out of my property in Julia Araminta, I will leave no stone unturned to prove what I suspect. Look to it, slight man! Come, I don't wish to quarrel; make it up, and" (drawing out his pocket-book) "if you want cash down, and will have an engagement in black and white for three years for Julia Araminta, you may squeeze a good sum out of me, and go yourself where you please; you'll never be troubled by me. What I want is the girl."

All the actor laid aside, Waife growled out, "And hang me, Sir, if you shall have the girl!"

At this moment Sophy opened the door wide, and entered boldly. She had heard her grandfather's voice raised, though its hoarse tones did not allow her to distinguish his words. She was alarmed for him. She came in, his guardian fairy, to protect him from the oppressor of six feet high. Rugge's arm was raised, not indeed to strike, but rather to declaim. Sophy slid between him and her grandfather, and clinging round the latter, flung out her own arm, the forefinger raised menacingly toward the Remorseless Baron. How you would have clapped if you had seen her so at Covent Garden. But I'll swear the child did not know she was acting. Rugge did, and was struck with admiration and regretful rage at the idea of losing her.

"Bravo!" said he, involuntarily. "Come—come, Waife, look at her—she was born for the stage. My heart swells with pride. She is my property, morally speaking; make her so legally—and hark, in your ear—fifty pounds. Take me in the humor. Golgonda opens—fifty pounds!"

"No," said the vagrant.

"Well," said Rugge, sullenly, "let her speak for herself."

"Speak, child. You don't wish to return to Mr. Rugge—and without me, too—do you, Sophy?

"Without you, Grandy! I'd rather die first."

"You hear her; all is settled between us. You have had our services up to last night; you have paid us up to last night; and so good-morning to you, Mr. Rugge."

"My dear child," said the manager, softening his voice as much as he could, "do consider. You shall be so made of, without that stupid old man. You think me cross, but 'tis he who irritates and puts me out of temper. I'm uncommon fond of children. I had a babe of my own once—upon my honor I had—and if it had not been for convulsions, caused by teething, I should be a father still. Supply to me the place of that beloved babe. You shall have such fine dresses; all new—choose 'em yourself—minced veal and raspberry tarts for dinner every Sunday. In three years, under my care, you will become a great actress, and make your fortune, and marry a lord—lords go out of their wits for great actresses—whereas, with him, what will you do? Drudge, and rot, and starve; and he can't live long, and then where will *you* be? 'Tis a shame to hold her so, you idle old vagabond."

"I don't hold her," said Waife, trying to push her away. "There's something in what the man says. Choose for yourself, Sophy."

Sophy (suppressing a sob). "How can you have the heart to talk so, Grandy? I tell you, Mr. Rugge, you are a bad man, and I hate you, and all about you—and I'll stay with grandfather—and I don't care if I do starve—he shan't!"

Mr. Rugge (clapping both hands on the crown of his hat, and striding to the door). "William Waife, beware! 'Tis done! I'm your enemy! As for you, too dear but abandoned infant, stay with him. You'll find out very soon who and what he is—your pride will have a fall, when—"

Waife sprang forward, despite his lameness—both his fists clenched, his one eye ablaze; his broad, burly torso confronted and daunted the stormy manager. Taller and younger though Rugge was, he cowered before the cripple he had so long taunted and humbled. The words stood arrested on his tongue. "Leave the room instantly!" thundered the actor, in a voice no longer broken. "Blacken my name before that child by one word, and I will dash the next down your throat!"

Rugge rushed to the door, and keeping it ajar between Waife and himself, he then thrust in his head, hissing forth, "Fly, caitiff, fly! My revenge shall track your secret, and place you in my power. Juliet Araminta shall yet be mine!" With these awful words the Remorseless Baron cleared the stairs in two bounds, and was out of the house.

Waife smiled, contemptuously. But as the street-door clanged on the form of the angry manager the color faded from the old man's face. Exhausted by the excitement he had gone through, he sank on a chair, and with one quick gasp as for breath, fainted away.

CHAPTER XI.

Progress of the Fine Arts.—Biographical Anecdotes.—Fluctuations in the Value of Money.—Speculative Tendencies of the Time.

Whatever the shock which the brutality of the Remorseless Baron inflicted on the nervous system of the persecuted but triumphant Bandit, it had certainly subsided by the time Vance and Lionel entered Waife's apartment, for they found grandfather and grandchild seated near the open window, at the corner of the table (on which they had made room for their operations by the removal of the carved cocoanut, the crystal egg, and the two flower-pots), eagerly engaged, with many a silvery laugh from the lips of Sophy, in the game of dominoes.

Mr. Waife had been devoting himself, for the last hour and more, to the instruction of Sophy in the mysteries of that intellectual amusement, and such pains did he take, and so impressive were his exhortations, that his happy pupil could not help thinking to herself that *this* was the new art upon which Waife depended for their future livelihood. She sprang up, however, at the entrance of the visitors, her face beaming with grateful smiles; and, running to Lionel, and taking him by the hand, while she courtesied with more respect to Vance, she exclaimed, "We are free! thanks to you—thanks to you both! He is gone! Mr. Rugge is gone!"

"So I saw on passing the green; stage and all," said Vance, while Lionel kissed the child and pressed her to his side. It is astonishing how paternal he felt—how much she had crept into his heart.

"Pray, Sir," asked Sophy, timidly, glancing to Vance, "has the Norfolk Giant gone too?"

Vance. "I fancy so—all the shows were either gone or going."

Sophy. "The Calf with Two Heads?"

Vance. "Do you regret it?"

Sophy. "Oh, dear, no."

Waife, who, after a profound bow, and a cheery "Good-day, gentlemen," had hitherto remained silent, putting away the dominoes, now said—"I suppose, Sir, you would like at once to begin your sketch?"

Vance. "Yes; I have brought all my tools—see, even the canvas. I wish it were larger, but it is all I have with me of that material—'tis already stretched—just let me arrange the light."

Waife. "If you don't want me, gentlemen, I will take the air for half an hour or so. In fact, I may now feel free to look after my investment."

Sophy (whispering Lionel). "You are *sure* the Calf has gone as well as the Norfolk Giant?"

Lionel wonderingly replied that he thought so; and Waife disappeared into his room, whence he soon emerged, having doffed his dressing-gown for a black coat, by no means threadbare, and well brushed. Hat, stick, and gloves in hand, he really seemed respectable—more than respectable—Gentleman Waife every inch of him; and saying, "Look your best, Sophy, and sit still, if you can," nodded pleasantly to the three, and hobbled down the stairs. Sophy—whom Vance had just settled into a chair, with her head bent partially down (three quarters), as the artist had released

"The loose train of her amber-flowing hair,"

and was contemplating aspect and position with a painter's meditative eye—started up, to his great discomposure, and rushed to the window. She returned to her seat with her mind much relieved. Waife was walking in an opposite direction to that which led toward the whilome quarters of the Norfolk Giant and the Two-headed Calf.

"Come, come," said Vance, impatiently, "you have broken an idea in half. I beg you will not stir till I have placed you—and then, if all else of you be still, you may exercise your tongue. I give you leave to talk."

Sophy (penitentially). "I am so sorry—I beg pardon. Will that do, Sir?"

Vance. "Head a little more to the right—so. Titania watching Bottom asleep. Will you lie on the floor, Lionel, and do Bottom?"

Lionel (indignantly). "Bottom! Have I an ass's head?"

Vance. "Immaterial! I can easily imagine that you have one. I want merely an outline of figure—something sprawling and ungainly."

Lionel (sulkily). "Much obliged to you—imagine that too."

Vance. "Don't be so disobliging. It is necessary that she should look fondly at something—expression in the eye."

Lionel at once reclined himself incumbent in a position as little sprawling and ungainly as he could well contrive.

Vance. "Fancy, Miss Sophy, that this young gentleman is very dear to you. Have you got a brother?"

Sophy. "Ah no, Sir."

Vance. "Hum. But you have, or have had, a doll?"

Sophy. "Oh, yes; grandfather gave me one."

Vance. "And you were fond of that doll?"

Sophy. "Very."

Vance. "Fancy that young gentleman is your doll grown big—that it is asleep, and you are watching that no one hurts it—Mr. Rugge, for instance. Throw your whole soul into that thought—love for doll, apprehension of Rugge. Lionel, keep still and shut your eyes—do."

Lionel (grumbling). "I did not come here to be made a doll of."

Vance. "Coax him to be quiet, Miss Sophy, and sleep peaceably, or I shall do him a mischief. I can be a Rugge too, if I am put out."

Sophy (in the softest tones). "Do try and sleep, Sir—shall I get you a pillow?"

Lionel. "No, thank you—I'm very comfortable now" (settling his head upon his arm, and after one upward glance toward Sophy, the lids closed reluctantly over his softened eyes). A ray of sunshine came aslant through the half-shut window, and played along the boy's clustering hair and smooth pale cheek. Sophy's gaze rested on him most benignly.

"Just so," said Vance; "and now be silent till I have got the attitude and fixed the look."

The artist sketched away rapidly with a bold practiced hand, and all was silent for about half an hour, when he said, "You may get up, Lionel; I have done with you for the present."

Sophy. "And me, too—may I see?"

Vance. "No; but you may talk now. So you had a doll? What has become of it?"

Sophy. "I left it behind, Sir. Grandfather thought it would distract me from attending to his lessons, and learning my part."

Vance. "You love your grandfather more than the doll?"

Sophy. "Oh! a thousand million million times more."

Vance. "He brought you up, I suppose. Have you no father—no mother?"

Sophy. "I have only grandfather."

Lionel. "Have you always lived with him?"

Sophy. "Dear me, no; I was with Mrs. Crane till grandfather came from abroad, and took me away, and put me with some very kind people; and then, when grandfather had that bad accident, I came to stay with him, and we have been together ever since."

Lionel. "Was Mrs. Crane no relation of yours?"

Sophy. "No, I suppose not, for she was not kind—I was so miserable; but don't talk of it—I forget that now. I only wish to remember from the time grandfather took me in his lap, and told me to be a good child, and love him; and I have been happy ever since."

"You *are* a dear good child," said Lionel, emphatically, "and I wish I had you for my sister."

Vance. "When your grandfather has received from me that exorbitant—not that I grudge it—sum, I should like to ask, What will he do with it? As he said it was a secret, I must not pump you."

Sophy. "What will he do with it? I should like to know too, Sir; but whatever it is, I don't care, so long as I and grandfather are together."

Here Waife re-entered. "Well, how goes on the picture?"

Vance. "Tolerably for the first sitting; I require two more."

Waife. "Certainly; only—only" (he drew aside Vance, and whispered), "only, the day after to-morrow, I fear I *shall* want the money. It is an occasion that never will occur again—I would seize it."

Vance. "Take the money, now."

Waife. "Well, thank you, Sir; you are sure now that we shall not run away—and I accept your kindness; it will make all safe."

Vance, with surprising alacrity, slipped the sovereigns into the old man's hand; for, truth to say, though thrifty, the Artist was really generous. His organ of caution was large, but that of acquisitiveness moderate. Moreover, in those moments when his soul expanded with his art, he was insensibly less alive to the value of money. And strange it is that, though states strive to fix for that commodity the most abiding standards, yet the value of money, to the individual who regards it, shifts and fluctuates, goes up and down half a dozen times a day. For my part, I honestly declare that there are hours in the twenty-four—such, for instance, as that just before breakfast, or that succeeding a page of this History in which I have been put out of temper with my performance and myself, when any one in want of five shillings at my disposal would find my value of that sum put it quite out of his reach; while at other times—just after dinner, for instance, or when I have effected what seems to me a happy stroke, or a good bit of color, in this historical composition—the value of those five shillings is so much depreciated that I might be—I think so, at least—I might be almost tempted to give them away for nothing. Under some such mysterious influences in the money market, Vance, therefore, felt not the loss of his three sovereigns; and, returning to his easel, drove away Lionel and Sophy, who had taken that opportunity to gaze on the canvas.

"Don't do her justice at all," quoth Lionel; "all the features exaggerated."

"And you pretend to paint!" returned Vance, in great scorn, and throwing a cloth over his canvas. "To-morrow, Mr. Waife, the same hour. Now, Lionel, get your hat, and come away."

Vance carried off the canvas, and Lionel followed slowly. Sophy gazed at their departing forms from the open window; Waife stumped about the room, rubbing his hands—"He'll do, he'll do; I always thought so." Sophy turned "Who'll do?—the young gentleman. Do what?"

Waife. "The young gentleman—as if I was thinking of him. Our new companion—I have been with him this last hour. Wonderful natural gifts."

Sophy (ruefully). "It is alive, then?"

Waife. "Alive! yes, I should think so."

Sophy (half-crying). "I'm very sorry; I know I shall hate it."

"Tut, darling—get me my pipe—I'm happy."

Sophy (cutting short her fit of ill-humor). "Are you?—then I am, and I will not hate it."

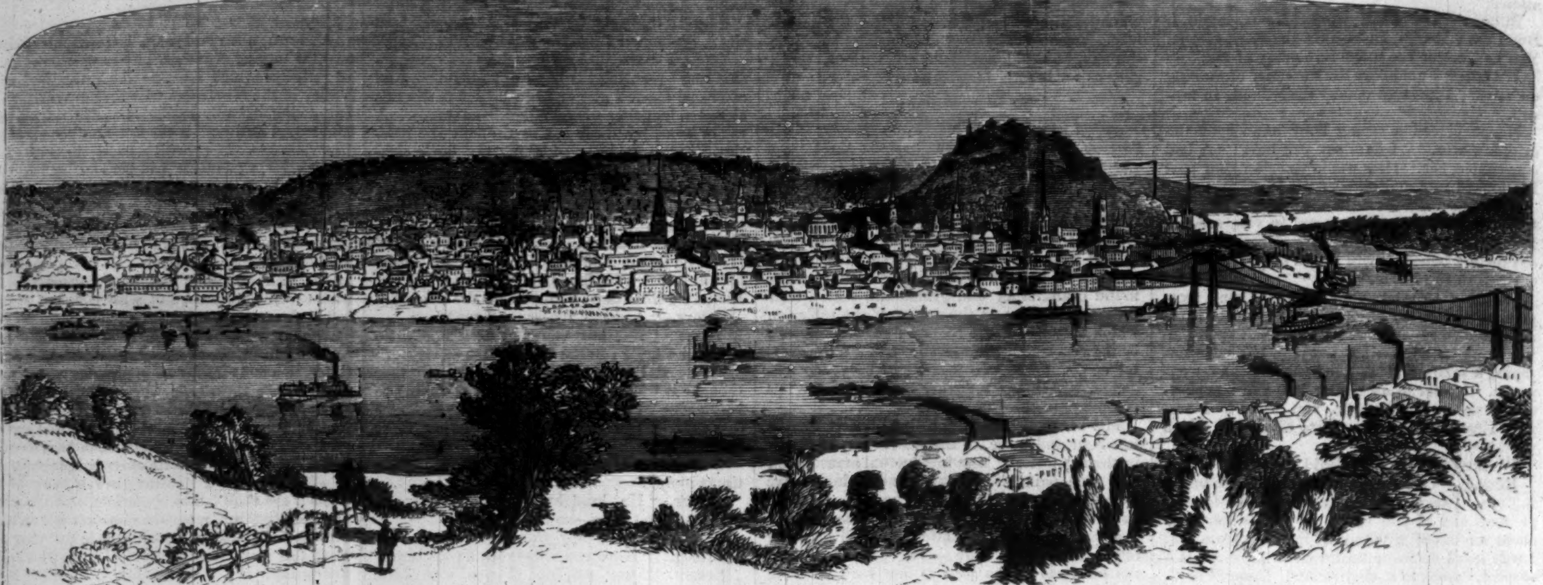
A RAILROAD PLEASURE-TRIP TO THE WEST.

A prominent event of the leafy month of June was the forging of another link in that great chain of railways which connects the great producing Valley of the Mississippi with the commercial and consuming Atlantic sea-board. The "Ohio and Mississippi Railway" is the name of the new "air-line" just opened for travel between the Queen City of the West, Cincinnati, and her equally beautiful rival on the western bank of the "Father of Waters," St. Louis. This road is "broad-gauge," 340 miles in length, crossing the southern parts of the States of Indiana and Illinois, and intersecting the Wabash River at Vincennes. It was commenced in the year 1849, and has been carried forward with varying fortunes, but with constant energy and unflagging faith, by its promoters, to its conclusion. Fortunately for the work and for the public, when its prospects have been darkest, and acts of devotion and sacrifice were necessary, men were found among its friends who were ready to risk the heaviest responsibilities to save it from suspension and ruin. Upon some of these spirited and enterprising men the burden has fallen heavily, and in one or two instances with overwhelming weight. It will be forever a stain on the fair brow of St. Louis if she shall fail to appreciate, and when the opportunity offers, repay the sacrifices which have been made by some of her citizens in carrying forward this work, to her above all other towns, of first utility.

The opening of such a road, under any circumstances, would be an event of interest to all parts of the country; but through the liberality of its managers, and of the numerous railway companies which have woven their iron threads all over the States north of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, it has been made an event of real public importance. A large number of the leading merchants and enterprising men of all classes in the Middle and Eastern States received, early in May, a note of invitation to participate in the ceremonies of the opening, or what in Europe would be called the "inauguration" of the road—said invitation being accompanied by a yellow card, as an "open sesame," or free pass, over not less than forty-two railways leading to the cities of Cincinnati and St. Louis. The favored metropolitan recipient was told that he had but to exhibit this unpretending piece of pasteboard, and he would be taken up the Hudson River Railway, whisked through the Highlands, and over that great and perfect work the New York Central Railway to Buffalo, thence over the Buffalo and Cleveland, and the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati railways to the initial city on the road just about to be opened. Or, passing to Jersey City, the great New York and Erie would carry him through all the romantic scenery of the upper Delaware and Susquehanna rivers to the shores of the Lakes. Pennsylvania, with its splendid railway communications with the Ohio River, and Maryland and Virginia, with their grandest of all existing monuments, of engineering daring and skill—the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, traced along the banks of the Potomac, skirting the sides of the Alleghanies, or impatiently penetrating its rocky barriers, through scenery unapproachable in its magnificence by that of any other railway on the globe—all these hospitable avenues competed for the honor of carrying the favored guest.

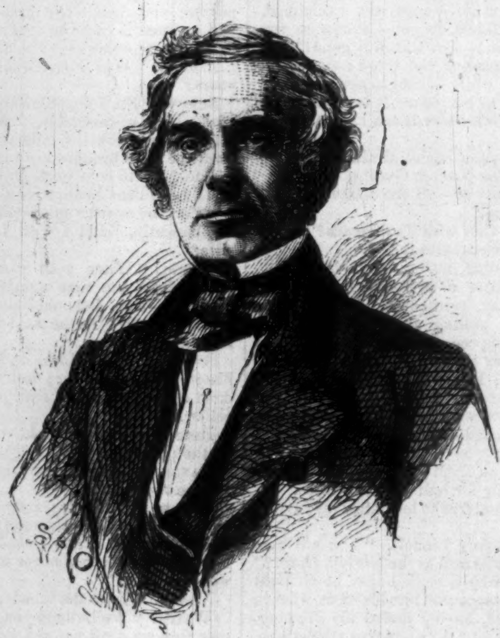
And many weary lawyers, tired merchants, and unwearied speculators availed themselves of the invitation, and investing each a dollar in a linen "duster," started forth, with carpet-bag in one hand, and in the other the magic card, "good for all the roads mentioned on the other side from the 26th of May to the 20th of June," determined to view with their own eyes that great and wonderful West, toward which they had seen pour the tides of emigration from Europe for the past ten years in an unceasing flood, and where all have heard of cities springing up, as if by magic, in a single day, and where, all know from unmistakable votes and census returns, the political power of the country and its centre of population have already gone. Some of the elect, considerate of woman's curiosity, determine to encounter all risks and take their Jemimas with them; but most, timorous of crowds, darken the brows of wives and daughters of peripatetic propensities by an inexorable refusal, and only make home sunshiny, on leaving, by sealing with a parting kiss their solemn promise to take "all hands and the baby" to some favorite watering-place "early in July."

And so the men of the East turn their faces toward the setting sun! At first all goes smoothly. There is plenty of room in the cars; the fortunate possessors of Jemimas taunt timorous Benedicts on their practical fears of a jam, and the latter begin to think they might just as well have saved the expense of that promised trip to Newport! But as the various roads converge toward Cincinnati, and the living freight from a dozen avenues is thrown upon the capabilities of two or three, the lengthening trains and crowded seats, in which Jemima's hoops get crushed, while her no-longer-exultant protector has to stand up in the passage—then the laugh would turn the other way, were it not that even Sans-Jemima finds himself too much elbowed and altogether too uncomfortable to be jocular over others' woes. By-and-by there is a double whistle, down come the brakes, the men in the aisles tumble forward upon each other with suppressed anathemas about "infernal crowds," while stentorian conductor calls out "Hannibal and Mud Creek Junction—passengers for Cincinnati change cars!" You look out, and through the drizzle and darkness discern another train in waiting, the engine fizzing and bell ringing, and you tumble out, selfishly oblivious of your friend and his Jemima, and mentally resolved that *now* you will get a seat. You bark your shins over a rickety platform (all the stations out West, H—— insists, are "trumpery"), tear the buttons off your "duster," which catches against the fat man's portmanteau, and gain the waiting train a "quarter neck" ahead of your companions. You enter, it is full of sleepy,

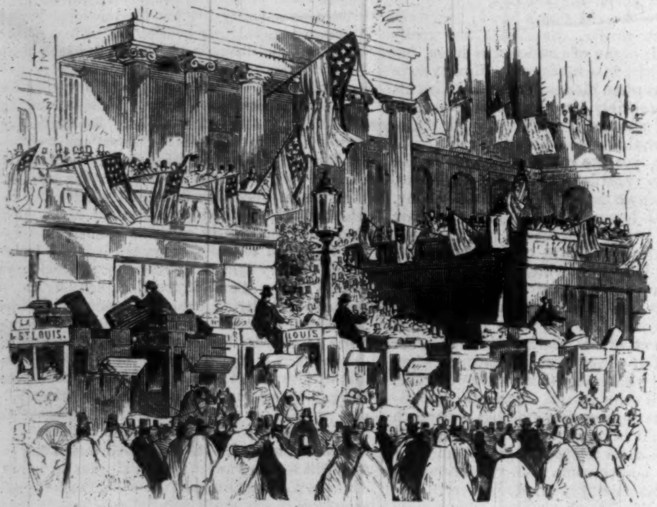


CINCINNATI, OHIO.

glummy-looking people; you see it all at a glance, rush over projecting legs without stopping to ask any body's pardon, and enter the next car, discover a vacant seat, and plump yourself into it with intemperate energy, to which profane men would have given expression in the ejaculation, "There, d—n it!" When you discern your friend peering in anxiously at the door, you thrust your head out of the window lest he should recognize you, and you feel yourself called upon to vacate in behalf of Jemima, now bedraggled and far from interesting. Your friend withdraws; you feel safe, and begin to fumble in a little portable bag for that "small black bottle," which you fraudulently represented to the Judge of your Superior Court, whose throat was "affected by the dust," as empty. You take a sly pull at the contents; your grim visage relaxes; you wonder if your friend has found a seat; why the train doesn't start; almost laugh at the people, lanky with drizzle, who rush up and down the rickety platform, looking wildly in at every open window, with the precursive inquiry, "Any seats?" Just then you get a side thrust in the ribs from a vigorous elbow, and find yourself assailed by a big fellow whose mouth and hands are full of oleaginous cakes of marvelously twistified forms. You bridle up, and instruct your assailant, "Look here, friend, them's *my* ribs!" His mouth is crammed so that he can't speak, but he points to a huge carpet-bag swinging over your seat, gives a big gulp which clears his œsophagus, and then informs you, with unmistakable emphasis, "*Yaas*, stranger, *them* may be YOUR ribs, but *that's* MY seat!" You expostulate, but "Haint I had that seat all the way from the Goshen Pike and Leonidas Junction?"—a question which you don't stop to answer, as you observe the mouth is rapidly relieving two formidable hands of their encumbrances. You are discreet, and vacate, to stand for the rest of the distance in a narrow passage, in a hot, murky atmosphere, loaded with the odor of damp boots, jostled by the most unquiet of conductors, and tumbled about by sudden stoppages, every five minutes at stations with uncouth names, and varying in importance from five yards of indifferently-constructed platform to the extreme grandeur of a wood-shed, and a building which does the duty of post-office, grocery, and hotel—for there is nothing so humble, "out West," as a tavern! You pass the night wearily, in a most corrosive state of mind, partially salved over in the morning by a fairish breakfast at Xenia, or some other point not many hours from Cincinnati. Here you find a flaming "Programme of Proceedings," from which you learn that you are to be received at nine o'clock, at the station, "by the Governor, Mayor, Military, Fire Machines, and Citizens;" in short, that as an humble member of the great delegation from the East, you are to be lionized on a scale of large liberality, characteristic, as an enthusiastic Buckeye informs you, of the people "of this vast and illimitable empire of the Mississippi Valley!"



CHARLES GOULD, TREASURER.

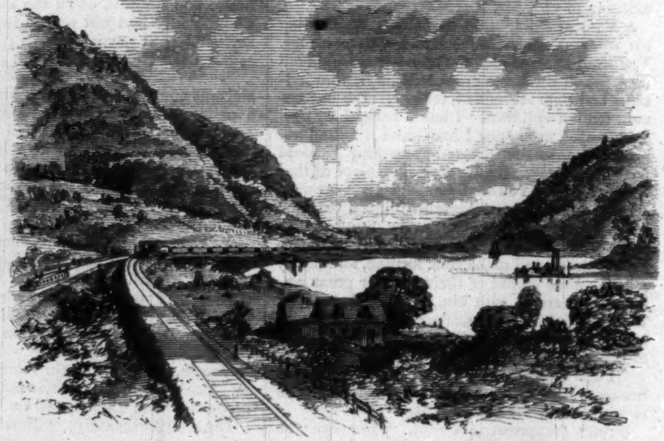


PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE BURNET HOUSE.

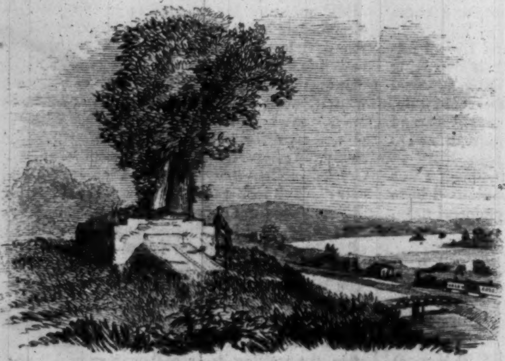
Nine o'clock comes, but you are not in Cincinnati. The road is blocked up by express and excursion trains, which rush in pell-mell from all sides, and obstruct the only avenue by which, unfortunately, the city can be approached from the eastward. It is high noon when, drawing a long breath of satisfaction, you are justified in exclaiming, "Thank Heaven, here at last!" But the station is still plethoric with the crowd of fifteen hundred who came in the train that preceded you, and it is with a deep spirit of piety and all sincerity that you thank Heaven again that you left your Jemima at home, and limited your baggage to the little black bag which you elevate over the heads of the crowd, while, with a firm grasp on your pocket-book, you crush through the confused and swaying mass into the open streets. Of course you hurry in the direction of the "Burnet House;" you know Coleman; besides, you chuckle inwardly when you think how sharp you are; for didn't you arrange with Harper's artist, who went on a week ago, to secure a room, wherein jointly you could enjoy that most tempting of temperance tipples, and choicest of Cincinnati compounds, a Catawba cobbler, while illustrating for the world, and chronicling for all time, the events of the day which all mankind has congregated to celebrate?

The streets are gay with flags, and banners with inscriptions, which hang literally from outer as well as inner walls; and the stores are closed, for trade is on "a train," and the banks are on "a bust." You don't know the names of the people whom you meet, but you discover that they are all your friends from their looks, which say as plainly as words, "Glad to see you; why didn't you come before?" You reach at last, with flaming face, the broad, palatial flight of steps which lead to the principal entrance of the Burnet House, and wedge yourself, at the imminent risk of limb, through the phalanx of carriages, and omnibuses, and baggage-wagons, which blockade the street, only to find a dense, impenetrable crowd swaying down the broad flight before you. Nonplused for the instant, you suddenly remember the "Ladies' Private Entrance," make a grand *détour* to reach it, deceive the guardian Hibernian with the story that you want to see your wife, press through a wilderness of crumpled crinoline and a jam of jaded Jemimas, to the rotunda, where the office is situated.

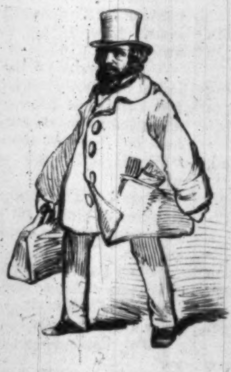
And here, dear reader of *Harper's Weekly*, pardon me if, in order to get credit for what I am going to tell, I assume what is obnoxious in all good writing, the "first person singular." What happened in that rotunda requires a directness of testimony which can not be reached through any periphrasis of language. I solemnly assure you, dear reader, I went into that rotunda—call it rather a cotton-press, a hydraulic press, anathematize by any name that will convey the most excruciating idea of smash—I say, I went into that rotunda a short and rather stout person, and my black bag was small and plump; but I came out, half



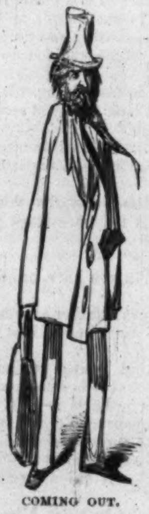
VIEW OF ROAD, BANKS OF THE OHIO, NEAR LAURENCEBURG.



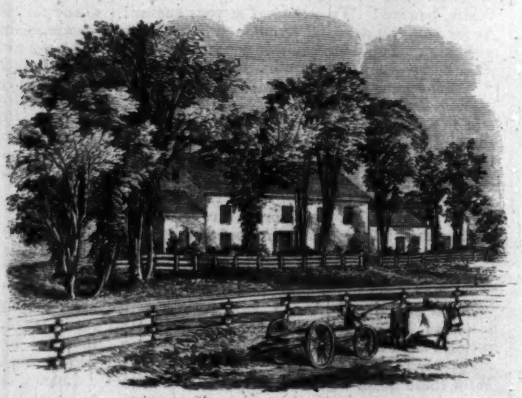
HARRISON'S TOMB, NORTH BEND.



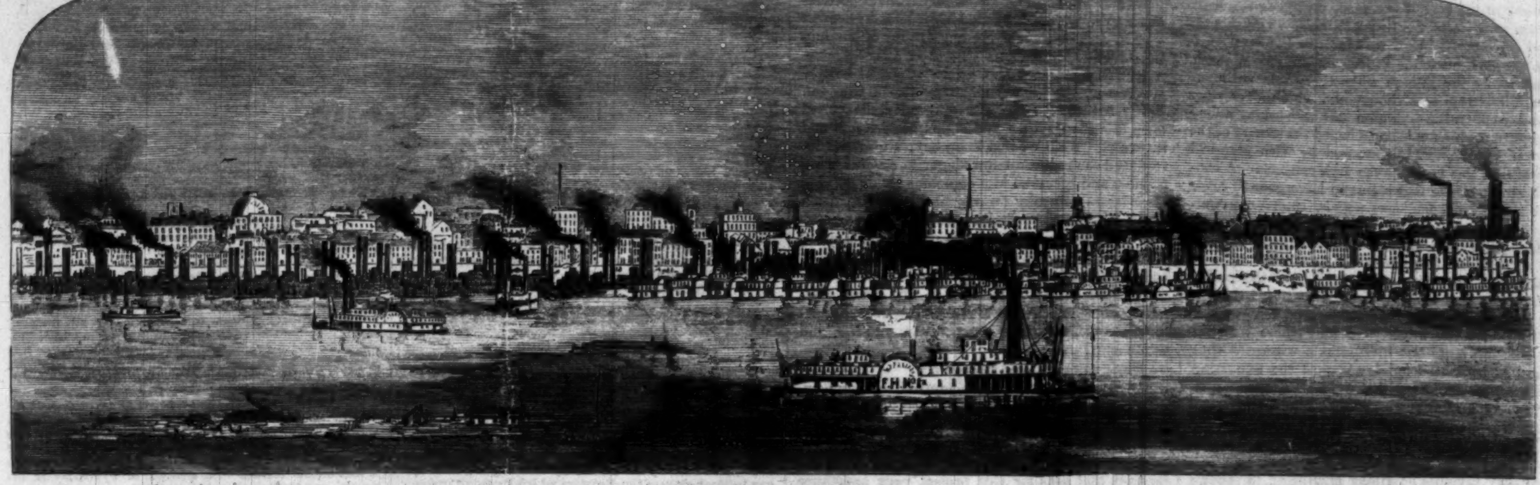
ENTERING THE ROTUNDA.



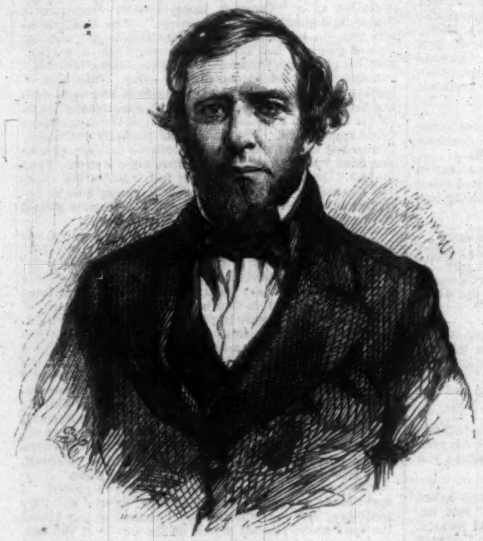
COMING OUT.



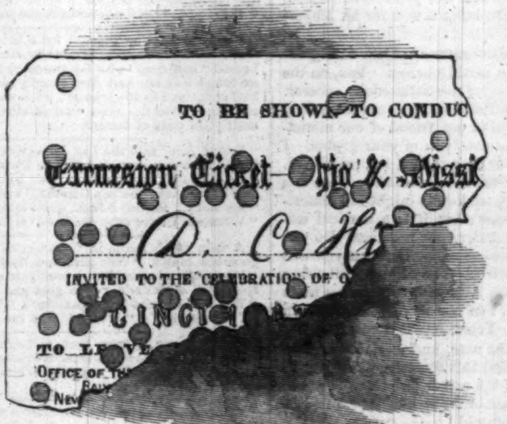
HARRISON'S HOUSE, NORTH BEND.



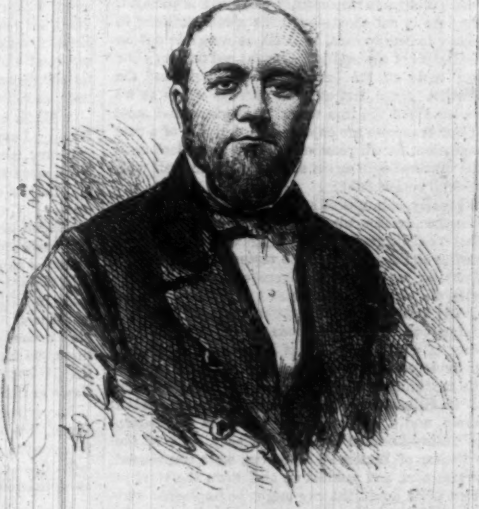
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.



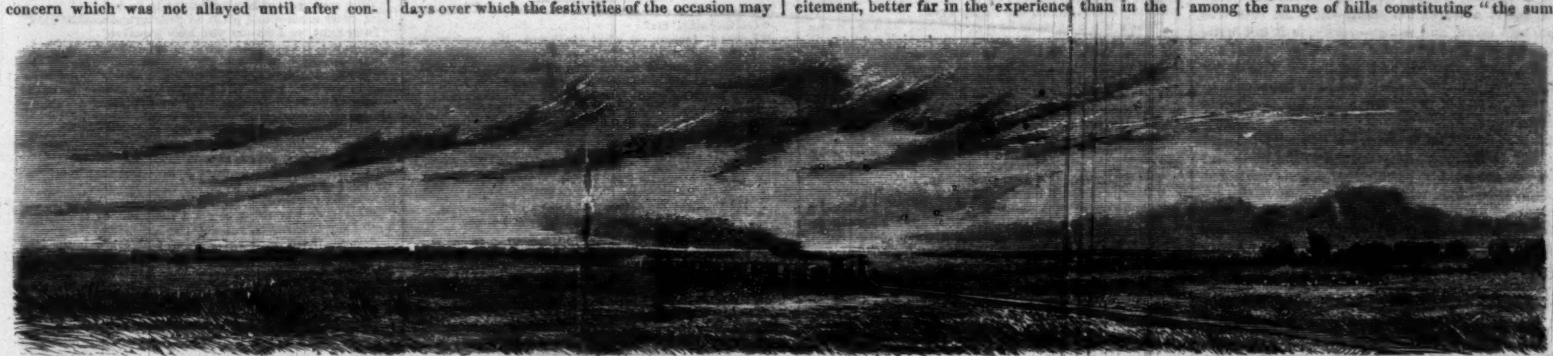
WILLIAM H. CLEMENT, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.



OUR TICKET, AS IT APPEARED ON THE EVENING OF THE 20TH.



P. W. STRADER, GENERAL TICKET-AGENT.

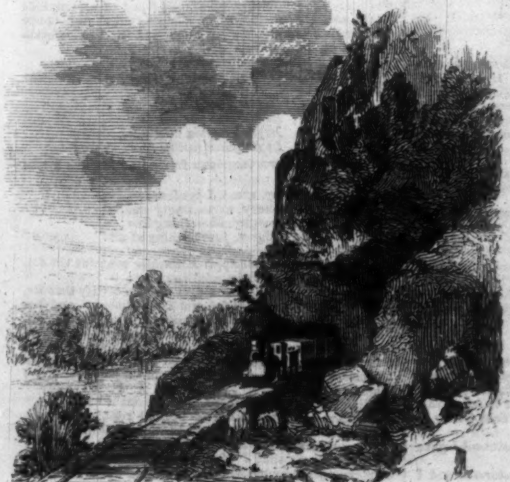


CROSSING THE PRAIRIES, SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

an hour afterward, a tall and thin man, with a broad black bag, and with a voice so attenuated that when I met my friend and his Jemima at the door my words hadn't body enough to fill his ear, and he only rubbed his auricular organ when I addressed him, thinking, as he afterward explained, that some one had pricked it with a needle! On gaining the street, my first concern was what I should do for shirts in my altered condition—a concern which was not allayed until after convincing a resident friend of my identity through the means of my signature, he took me to his house, where I found that my shirts had been pressed out in exactly the same proportion that I had myself been expanded—a result which that profound philosopher, "E. M. of Brooklyn Heights," has undertaken to explain. It has not been found necessary to call on him to explain how it happened that a subsequent ride over the Ohio and Mississippi road had the effect of shaking me back into my original proportions—any one who went over the road can explain *that!*

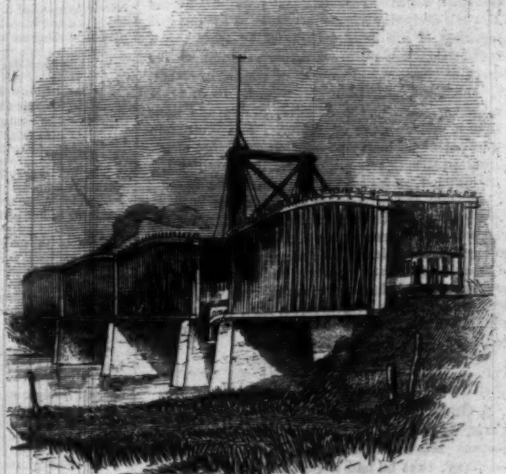
Notwithstanding the unexpected number of guests which thronged Cincinnati during the three days over which the festivities of the occasion may be said to have extended, it is pleasant to reflect that nothing occurred to interfere with or mar the essential sources of enjoyment, on the part as well of citizens as of strangers. The same may likewise be said of the subsequent proceedings at St. Louis, which, with Cincinnati and Chicago, constitutes the group of Western Graces, if the beautiful Grecian allegory may be applied to cities. At both points the largest hospitality and broadest bounty prevailed, not unmingled with a pride, which every guest approved as well-earned and just, in that energy, enterprise, and intelligence of which these already great and prosperous cities are, at the same time, the evidence and the monument. Balls at the Burnet, levees at Longworth's — a name brightest, perhaps, in the list of the worthies of Cincinnati—and evenings with the Engines, those sturdy "steam-squirts" (which have so effectually and beneficially for Cincinnati superseded the volunteer fire-companies with their rowdy concomitants), to say nothing of rides for the rural, and speeches at dinners, from balconies, and principally from the steps of the Burnet, where boobies of all sorts blow off their bombast; all these incidents contributed to keep up an unflagging interest and excitement, better far in the experience than in the description, and which, having been duly daguerreotyped in the daily journals, need not be recounted here.

As already stated, the "Ohio and Mississippi Railway" has a length of 340 miles. For thirty miles from Cincinnati it follows the banks of the Ohio River, passing beneath the hills of "Great Bend," where the good Harrison lived, and where his bones slumber—on the spot which, living, he loved so well. The old family mansion still stands, occupied by Colonel Taylor, son-in-law of the President, and its plain, substantial, and unpretending exterior seems to be a fair reflection of the character of the man who reared it. The old General's grave, the tomb of the man to whose memory the now great and rich empire northwest of the Ohio owes most, like that of Jefferson, and Monroe, and of hundreds of others who were the architects of the edifice of our country's greatness, is unmarked by any monument. It is said that Kentucky and Ohio each claims the exclusive right to raise the "sculptured marble" over his dust. If so, let both drop their idle competition, and unite in a single joint testimonial to the worth and services of Harrison. Beyond Laurenceburg the road winds among the range of hills constituting "the summit" between the valley of the Ohio River and that of the Whitewater, skirting the latter stream for considerable distances, now dodging a bend by a bridge, and next making a short cut through a tunnel, and affording a diversity of scenery which



TUNNEL ON THE WHITEWATER.

CRASH IN CATAWBA.



BRIDGE OVER THE WABASH AT VINCENNES, INDIANA.

you have ample time to contrast with the monotony of the rest of the road, until you reach the green prairies of Southern Illinois. The sole object of interest, in all this intermediate region, is the ancient town of Vincennes on the Wabash, founded by the French when the whole Valley of the Mississippi was theirs, and which, ever since the days of Gallic dominion, has been taking a long sleep from which it is to be hoped the scream of the locomotive has at last aroused it, with practical proof that this is really the 19th century. A consciousness of the fact seems to have gone abroad, for a rusty cannon, *sans* wheels, thunders a welcome, and eke a dinner, substantial if not sumptuous, invites the attention of those not already full to surfeit from frequent visits to the refreshment car. And here it may be said, parenthetically, that as long as corkless bottles, scattered thickly on both sides of the track, can resist the assaults of time and the weather, so long there will not be wanting mute but indisputable witnesses that Bacchus held high holiday aboard the excursion train! All hands are glad to leave Vincennes, if only to put an end to the bibulous bombast of boozy bores who are never weary of declaiming; and the sober ones agree that the town looks best at the end of a long perspective.

Sundry juvenile Jemimas now begin to inquire for the prairies—mistaking every petty pasture for the beginning, at least, of one of those vast and treeless plains which, by-and-by, spread out suddenly before the eyes of the impatient watcher—a sea of billowy verdure! A thunder-cloud hangs darkly on its distant edge, against which the scattered white houses of the inhabitants stand out like the sails of ships, to complete the resemblance which it bears to the ocean. The laugh is silenced, the joke is cut short—even the speech-makers, in mercy to weary ears, are still, as we glide out on the bosom of the prairie! Bright red flowers glow like coals on the borders of our track, and the startled grouse dart off with nervous wings as we course along the iron way. It is clear that most of our travelers are enjoying the delights of a new sensation, for all remain absorbed and silent until the orators begin again and dissolve the spell with their Bœotian babble.

Finally, columns of smoke rising against the horizon, or, trailing along the distant sky, give token that we are approaching that gigantic stream which carries on its single bosom a vaster steam-fleet than floats on the combined rivers of the Old World with all its three continents! We dash on impatiently over the broad "bottom lands" of Cahokia, and past the gigantic mounds that stud its surface, some of which, like that of La Trappe, exceeding in cubic contents the great pyramid of Cheops—the monuments of a race whose name is lost even to tradition—and, finally, with a shriek, and a bump, and a scramble, find ourselves ankle-deep in freshly-kneaded mud on the very bank of the "Father of Waters!" How we were transferred to steamers, and paddled up and down the river in front of St. Louis, that we might be impressed with its extent, and see its long line of landing, closely packed with immense steamers, and covered with literal acres of produce and merchandise, and how we were escorted through streets festooned with flags, and gay with smiling faces, *toted* to a Fair, and unmercifully spouted to by a fresh lot of orators, and finally packed away like pickled herrings in a barrel a world too small—how all this was done, and more, and worse—verily, is it not written in the daily newspapers? Yea, and was it not written, and pictured, and published withal, by enterprising editors a week before it happened, to the provocation of much mirth, and the apotheosis of Humbug?

The festivities fairly over, the great "Ohio and Mississippi Railway" duly opened to the trade and travel of the country, the excursionists scattered rapidly to the four winds. Some improve the opportunity to push on to the disputed fields of Kansas; others seek pleasure or profit on the upper waters of the Mississippi; but most take their course toward Chicago, the latest born and busiest of the great Western cities, and thence, by way of "The Lakes," to their homes—loving them none the less, because taught by actual visit to have a larger and more enlightened appreciation of the vast resources and inexhaustible wealth of the Great West, as well as a higher estimate of the energy, enterprise, intelligence, and worth of the people who have there achieved such grand results, and whose children, already outnumbering the populations of the East, will be called upon to control, as they certainly will have the power to control, the political destinies of the entire country!

Among all who went forth from the seats of taste and refinement in the East, none came back wholly unimproved from contact with the rough and sometimes rude, but always hearty and genuine denizens of the Mississippi Valley—fortunate in having lost something of his artificiality, while acquiring a better estimate of those advantages which are the growth of time and the result of long cultivation, and which must for some generations to come, if not forever, give to the Atlantic States and their people a metropolitan character. The West, notwithstanding its heavy population and large cities, is, and must long remain, essentially provincial.

Altogether, as we said at the outset, the opening of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway has been an event of real public importance, and many an excursionist will preserve his stained, and rumpled, and perforated "ticket" as a memento of two weeks of mingled profit and pleasure, and of a hospitality as freely extended as it was frankly received, which will be gratefully remembered, and, may we not add, when the occasion shall offer, as freely reciprocated?

BANKER *vs.* MUSICIAN.

A German tenor singer of some note, resident in Paris, was injured by a fall from the top of a diligence. His breast was hurt, and he found, on his recovery, that he had not only lost flesh, but his voice had forsaken him. With care, time, and ameliorating medicines, the tones returned; but now there appeared an apothecary's bill of portentous length, which demanded immediate settlement—or in default thereof the appearance of our musician before a justice.

In this emergency M. C——r bethought him of Meyerbeer, the great composer—also a German. Being reduced to the last extremity, he called upon this countryman and stated his distress and its cause. With wonted liberality, Meyerbeer introduced the reduced tenor singer to several of his friends, and procured him occasions for displaying his talents—whereby he was shortly in possession of a sum of money sufficient to settle the obnoxious bill. But there was little left—and finding himself once more at his wit's and money's end, M. C——r betook himself again to Meyerbeer.

He was cordially received. The great composer, after listening to his tale of distress, opened his *escritoire*, took thence paper, pen, and ink, and wrote as follows:

To Monsieur le Baron Rothschild:

"Sir,—Permit me to recommend to your powerful protection and good graces M. C——r, a German musician and tenor singer. His talents have already elicited the admiration of several *salons* where he has sung. He desires to give a musical *matinée*, and asks for this project your assistance and countenance. I take the liberty to recommend him to you both as a talented artist and a countryman. Your well-known goodness of heart leads me to suppose that you will not refuse aid to so worthy a subject. With sentiments of the highest consideration, I remain, Sir, etc.

"Meyerbeer."

M. C——r delivered the letter to Baron Rothschild, whom he found at breakfast. The Baron invited his visitor to share his meal, and at its conclusion, retiring for a few minutes to his cabinet, returned and handed him two papers—one a note for 500 francs, and the other a note for M. Meyerbeer, as follows:

"M. Giacomo Meyerbeer,—Dear and great friend: I am only an earthly baron. You, on the contrary, are a prince of the harmonious spheres. I am more than a millionaire; you are more than I. Let us each give to our friend of our abundance—I of my bank-notes, you of your genius. I commend him to your high and mighty protection. He needs assistance toward a *matinée*. Were it a financial *matinée*, my bank-bills might aid materially toward its success; but it is a musical *matinée*, and this comes under your province. Do you as follows: Cause it to be announced that you will play a new composition. The *matinée* will bring in 10,000 francs—that is to say, 9500 francs more than I contribute. You are more than eighteen times as rich as Yours, Rothschild."

Meyerbeer read the note, and exclaimed, with anger, "What egotism this financier has!" but he forgave the point of the rather practical joke, and—M. C——r's *matinée* brought him 10,000 francs, as Rothschild had foretold.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The latest *sell* of the day originated in the fertile brain of a Baltimore clothes-dealer. He placed in the pocket of a ready-made coat an old portemonnaie, and quietly awaits the advent of a fitting customer. Presently enters an individual desiring to be summer-coated. After essaying several coats, the dealer says:

"Here is a coat made for a gentleman; he wore it one day and sent it back; it was too small for him; try it on. Ah! it fits first-rate, like as if it was made for you. It is well made; buttons sewed on strong; with strong pockets."

The customer puts his hands into the pockets to try them, when his fingers come in contact with the pocket-book. His imagination is kindled with the idea of appropriating the supposed treasure.

"How much did you say the coat was?" he eagerly asks.

The dealer names a good round sum.

"It suits me—I'll take it," is the quick reply.

The money is paid, and the self-duped customer walks off hurriedly with his supposed prize—not stopping to hear the suppressed chuckle of the dealer as he looks after him out of the corner of his eye.

The late Andrew Crosse, electrician, was a contemporary and friend of Theodore Hook and Sydney Smith, and the participant in many of their jokes and *bon mots.* Hook was dining with Mr. Crosse, at his London lodgings; the day was hot, and the windows were thrown open; they were a merry party, and were talking and laughing loudly, when some wag who was passing by threw a penny piece into the room, which fell on the table close by a quarter of lamb that the host was carving. "Ah, mint-sauce is good with lamb!" cried Theodore Hook.

Mr. Crosse was at a party with Mr. Hook, when a Mr. Winter was announced, a well-known inspector of taxes. Hook immediately roared out,

"Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes,
I'd advise ye to give him whatever he axes;
I'd advise ye to give him, without any flummery,
For though his name's Winter, his actions are summary."

Mr. Crosse used to relate how the Dean of St. Paul's once commenced a charity sermon as follows: "Benevolence is a sentiment common to human nature. A never sees B in distress without wishing C to relieve him."

Sweet as the lily on its virgin stem;
Sweet as the rose that opes its perfumed lips
And kisses the enamor'd air of June,
Is the fair child upon its mother's breast;
So the young mother, sacred unto God,
Whose infant is a blossom of the soul,
Dropp'd by his hand, and fresh from Paradise.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of your child with one who will render her happy is, that she have in her countenance sweetness and gentleness, in her speech wisdom, in her behavior modesty, and in her life virtue.

"My Lord," wrote a game-keeper to his employer, to whom he was sending a hamper of game, "I send you three—"

He stopped, and addressing a rustic friend, "Tell me, old fellow—how many *b's* in rabbit?"

"Ah! that depends— How many are you sending?"

"Three."

"It's three b's then—one for each rabbit."

The game-keeper continued: "My Lord, I have the honor to send you three *rabbbits*."

Lord Evelyn, son of the Earl of Bute, and an officer in the Guards, wore long mustaches, and appeared in the House of Commons, of which he was a member. One day Mr. C—y thus addressed him: "My lord, now that the war is over, won't you put your mustaches on the peace establishment?" "I do not exactly know whether I shall do that," replied his lordship; "but I would advise you to put your tongue on the civil list."

Boileau, being frequently called upon by an idle, ignorant person, who complained to him that he did not return his visits, "Sir," said the French satirist, "we are not upon equal terms. You call upon me merely to get rid of your time; when I call upon you I lose mine."

Cato, being scurrilously treated by a low and vicious fellow, quietly said to him, "A contest between us is very unequal; for thou canst bear ill language with ease, and return it with pleasure; and to me it is unusual to hear, and disagreeable to speak it."

The snow-king last winter had found many laureates; but we have seen no production which, for beauty of diction and fervor of sentiment, equals the following from the Buffalo *Express:*

Theys a gradeal of sno
  And theys more a comin
Howsever I ges taint no
  ways dangerus (can't find any thing to rhyme
with comin but *drumin* and that ingers the cense), drumin,
The sno's awful depe in spots
  Sum thot twouldn't ever stop fallin
But it did—then it fell again in pots
  Ful like tipin over a pale. Squalin
Wester salers call it. The sno
  Will melte bymby and then
It will be wet. Then water'l go
  Down the strete.

That man ceases to be my friend who asks me if I will be good enough to allow him to ruin me by indorsing for him. Every man has risks, cares, and anxieties enough of his own. It requires all the prudence, caution, and foresight which the gloomy lessons of the business records of the country are constantly teaching us, to enable one to steer clear of the disasters which lie thick in one's path. The man who would entail his own perils on his friend's head is not a friend, but a—well, yes—a fool or a rascal.

The only class of men in the world who are not in the habit of disparaging their neighbors are the assessors of taxes; for it is well known they never "underrate" any body in the slightest degree.

Perhaps there never was a more perfectly quiet, yet most effective, rebuke than was given by a distinguished Methodist minister to a young member of his flock: "Brother Blank, we are always pleased to hear you speak in the prayer-meeting, and we hope you will continue to do so; but I advise you to be brief as possible: and if you should happen to be too brief, the brethren will tell you!" He was never found *too* brief.

We once kept an account for a lady during a three miles' walk through rather sandy lanes, who declared herself "half dead" with fatigue every few minutes; and we found that she had died exactly eleven times and a half at the end of the journey, when she swallowed cider and sandwiches in a most vital fashion, considering her multiplied state of demise.

"Friend Ass," said the Fox, as he met him one day,
"What can people mean? Do you know what they say?"
"No, I don't," said the Ass; "nor I don't care, not I."
"Why, they say you're a Genius," was Reynard's reply.
"My stars!" muttered Jack, quite appall'd by the word,
"What can I have done that's so very absurd."

A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it;" a generous man's, "Win gold and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold and spare it;" a profligate's, "Win gold and spend it;" a broker's, "Win gold and lend it;" a fool's, "Win gold and end it;" a gambler's, "Win gold and lose it;" a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a fellow to a brisk brunette; "give me your hand, if you please." "La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go ask pa."

A traveler went into an inn after a shower and asked the landlord to show him a good fire, "for," said he, "I'm very wet," and then turning to the waiter he said, "Bring me a tankard of ale immediately, for I'm very dry."

When the late M. M. Noah, who was a Jew, was a candidate for the office of Sheriff of the city of New York, it was objected to his election, that a Jew would thus come to have the hanging of Christians. "Pretty Christians," replied Noah, "to need hanging!"

"Joseph, where is Africa?"

"On the map, Sir."

"I mean, Joseph, on what continent—the eastern or western?"

"Well, the land of Africa is on the eastern continent, but the people all of 'em are down South."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing."

"By drawing what, water?"

"No, Sir, by drawing their breath."

"Sit down, Joseph."

"I saw him kiss your cheek." "'Tis true."
  "Oh, modesty!" "'Twas strictly kept;
He thought me asleep; at least I knew
  He thought I thought he thought I slept."

Advertising is the oil which wise tradesmen put into their lamps and that foolish ones neglect to use.

At a recent meeting of one of the cemetery companies the chairman very gravely stated that he had great pleasure in announcing to the meeting the gratifying fact that the burials in the cemetery for the last year were double the number of those of the year preceding.

Cease railing at Fortune,
  Meet life with a kiss,
Nor needlessly wish it
  One cycle of bliss;
For cares but embellish
  Our seasons of joy,
Like feathery cloudlets
  That sprinkle the sky.

Cease railing at Fortune,
  Take life as it comes;
If wanting its dainties
  Make glad o'er the crumbs.
Each little is sweet, if
  A smile the lip wears,
But bitter the morsel
  When moistened with tears.

In the patents royal of the manor of Blackmoor, near Colchester, occurs (18th of February, 20 Henry VIII. 1528-'29) an entry of the tenement called *Jericho*, reported to have been one of the king's pleasure-houses. Hence, when the luxurious monarch was missing, the cant phrase among the courtiers was, that "he was gone to Jericho."

Contentment is to the mind what a frame is to a cucumber—sunning it, and lifting it even from a dunghill.

Madame de Girardin again: "Of a hundred men you may find one witty; of a hundred women you may find one stupid. See the proportion."

A man from the country, whose wife had eloped and carried off the feather-bed, was in Louisville in search of them—not that he cared any thing about the wife, "but the feathers," said he, "them's worth forty-eight cents a pound."

Godey, of Philadelphia, of the "Lady's Book," is the best-hearted man of that name in the world. Godey had a new servant-girl—I never knew any body that don't have a new servant-girl. Godey had a dinner-party in early spring, with lettuce. He is a capital hand at salad, so he dressed it. The guests ate it. Said Godey to the new girl next morning,

"What has become of that bottle of castor-oil I gave you to put away yesterday?"

"Sure," said she, "you said it was castor-oil, and I put it in the castor."

"Well," said Godey, "I thought so!"

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

Here lies the body of W. W.,
Who ne'er again will trouble you, trouble you.

ON A LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Here lies William Curtis, our famous Lord Mayor;
He has left this here world and has gone to that there.

In treating disease of the mind, music is not sufficiently valued. In raising the heart above despair, an old violin is worth four doctors and two apothecary-shops.

Spanish robbers are very polite. An Englishman was once accosted on a lonely road by a ruffian.

"Sir," said he, "you have my coat on; may I trouble you for it?"

The Englishman drew out a pistol, and told the fellow he was mistaken.

"Sir," said the robber, "I perceive that I am. Will you do me the honor to communicate your name, that I may remember it in my prayers?"

Dr. Savage was walking down the street the other day, when he saw two boys on the sidewalk, apparently searching for something. One of the boys remarked, just as he reached them, "Well, five pounds is worth hunting after." So the Doctor stopped and searched a while. Finally he got tired, and said to the boys: "Have you lost a five-pound note?" "No, Sir," said they, "but we didn't know but what we could find one."

The best example of the ornamental style of illustration in an address we ever met with is the exordium which Southey records of an English lawyer, who made the following charge to the opposite party in the suit: "This man, gentlemen of the jury, walks into court like a motionless statue, with a cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and is attempting to screw three oak trees out of my client's pockets."

Western homes, where parlor, bed-room, kitchen, and banquet-hall are all included in one room, and that a mighty little one, are often enlivened with very curious scenes. Judge Douglas, some years ago, having accepted the hospitality of a large family, occupying a single room, was obliged to undress and "hop into bed" in the presence of a young lady. This young lady the Judge describes as a "Venus in linsey-woolsey—plump as a pigeon, and smooth as a persimmon." The Judge himself was "a small man, physically speaking," and the idea of going to bed before the young lady—a modest, sensible girl, who, from habit thought nothing of the circumstance—turned his head topsy-turvy. The idea of pulling off his boots before her was death, and as to doffing his other fixins, he said he would sooner have taken off his legs with a hand-saw! At length the tremendous crisis approached. The Judge had partially undressed, intrenched behind a chair, which offered no more protection from "the enemy" than the rungs of a ladder. Then he had a dead open space of ten feet between the chair and the bed—a sort of Bridge of Lodi passage, as he describes it, which he was forced to make, exposed to a cruel raking fire, fore and aft. The Judge proceeds:

"Body, limbs, and head, setting up business on one hundred and seven and a half pounds, all told, of flesh, blood, and bones, can not, individually or collectively, set up any very ostentatious pretensions. I believe the young lady must have been settling in her mind some philosophical point on that head. Perhaps her sense of justice wished to assure itself of a perfectly fair distribution of the respective motives. Perhaps she did not feel easy till she knew that a kind Providence had not added to general poverty individual wrong. Certain it was, she seemed rather pleased with her speculations, for when I arose from a stooping posture finally, wholly disencumbered of cloth, I noticed mischievous shadows playing about the corners of her mouth. It was the moment I had determined to direct her eye to some astonishing circumstance out of the window. But the young lady spoke at the critical moment. 'Mr. Douglas,' she observed, '*you have got a mighty small chance of legs there.*'

"Men seldom have any notion of their own powers. I never made any pretensions to skill in 'ground and lofty tumbling,' but it is strictly true I cleared at one bound the open space, planted myself on the centre of the bed, and was buried in the blankets in a twinkling."

A maiden aunt, whose locks of snow
Proclaimed her young—some years ago,
Reproved her niece, a damsel gay,
For dressing in the wanton way
By which our modern girls expose
A vast deal more than eyes and nose!
"Why can't you hide what ought to be hid,
And dress modest and plain as your grandmother did?"
"Dear aunt, so I do—as you may perceive,
I dress in the mode of Grandmother—*Eve!*"

Some years ago, a young New Englander found himself in the back parts of Pennsylvania, ashore as to the means of living. In this strait he applied to a wealthy Quaker in the neighborhood for help.

"I will furnish thee with work, and will pay thee for it, friend," said the Quaker; "but it is not my custom to give alms to one that is able to labor, like thee."

"Well, that's all I want," said the Yankee; "of course I am willing to work."

"What can thee do, friend?"

"I will do any thing to get a little money to help me out of my difficulties."

"Well, there is a log yonder, and there is an axe. Thee may pound on the log with the head of the axe, and if thee is diligent and faithful, I will pay thee a dollar a day."

"Agreed, I'd as soon do that as any thing else."

And so the youth went to work and pounded lustily with the head of the axe upon the log.

After a time he paused to take breath, then he began again.

But after half an hour he stopped, threw down the axe impatiently, and walked away, saying, "Ill be hanged if I'll cut wood without seeing the chips fly!"

A gentleman was seated opposite to Coleridge at dinner, with a magnificent forehead and a very fine and venerable bald head. The eye of this patriarch was scintillating, apparently, with the fires of genius, and the whole bearing of the man was suggestive of immense capacity laboriously suppressed. "Ah," thought Coleridge, "if he would but speak, what grand things would we hear—what 'large utterances,' worthy of the early dramatists—what poetry, and eloquence, and thought, and truth!" Suddenly the gentleman who could boast of a venerable head, and a great talent for silence, spoke; the oracle delivered its burdening message, and to this effect—"*Hand me them dumplins!*"

The following epitaph was proposed by a French theologian for Voltaire:

"*In poesi magnus,*
  In historia parvus,
    In philosophia minimus,
      In religione nullus!"

Which our Brown translates freely into English by the following rhymes:

"In poesy, great, I confess;
  In history, exceedingly small;
In philosophy, something less;
  In religion, just nothing at all!"

The *Pontatoc* (Mississippi) *Examiner* contains the following novel anti-matrimonial compact:

To all whom it may concern: This is to certify that Mr. Mallett has been a faithful and kind husband, and has never mistreated me or my children in any way; but, owing to dissatisfaction, arising among my children and friends, I have thought best to separate from him and live together no longer as man and wife; and I do hereby release him from any obligation to support me in any manner whatever. A. F. Mallett.

With such an indorsement, Mr. Mallett is "in clover." That there is a probability of nuptial reunion, the annexed Benedictine response would seem to indicate:

In consideration of the above separation, I hereby notify all persons that I will not be responsible for any debt contracted by my wife, Angiletta F., whatever, while she continues to live separate from me.

J. G. W. Mallett.

A man and his wife were almost constantly quarreling. During their quarrels their only child, a boy, was generally present, and of course had caught many of his father's expressions. One day when the boy had been doing something wrong, the mother, intending to chastise him, called him and said, "Come here, Sir; what did you do that for?" The boy, complacently folding his arms, and imitating his father's manner, replied, "See here, madam, *I don't wish to have any words with you!*"

A Dutch paper in the interior of Pennsylvania expresses its opinion of President Buchanan's inaugural in the following lucid and concise terms: "Und der Deutches ver samelung wher eeht met die grosen Inaural toon der Shames Buchanan, sell ish shaney, der hummelrigh der Democratisy nichts cum araus! Der blatt! ein pretzel! Soon tite! Swatsacepe holtimol swei glasses lager right avay. Secretary der Sweitzer Cheesen foon der Washington mit Jackson shuffleboarden. Der Schmidt?—Ni! Der Vig?—Ni! Der Schwartzenhover?—Ni! Ein blate limberger mit strongfogo! Ein glassen bier mit pretzel! Soontite! Yah!"

One of the reappointed being asked how he contrived to keep his place under successive administrations, replied, "that administrations must be smart which could change oftener than he could."

At a game of "questions" it was asked, "how to tell a lie from the truth?"

"Make both pass the same door," said Louis; "you may be sure the lie will pass first."

Our "Mrs. Reverends" and "Mrs. Doctors," or "Captains," are outdone. A visiting card, shown lately in a Parisian saloon, runs literally:

Captain ——— ———,
Husband of MADAME the COUNTESS,
Widow of the late GENERAL ——— ———.

This beats the card of "M. Felix, *father of Mademoiselle Rachel.*"

Dr. Abernethy silenced a loquacious woman by the following expedient: "Put your tongue out, Madam." The lady complied. "Now keep it there until I have done talking!" A well-known physician in town is very much annoyed by an old lady who is always sure to accost him in the street, for the purpose of telling her ailments. Once she met him in Broadway, and he was in a great hurry. "Ah! I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor; "shut your eyes and show me your tongue." She obeyed, and the doctor, quietly moving off, left her standing there.

The woman who made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since washed the close of a year and hung 'em up to dry on a bee-line.

Harry H——, of Providence, tells a good story of a young man who had a light and incipient mustache. One day, while fingering the few hairs, he said to Harry:

"Hadn't I better *dye* this mustache?"

"Oh, no," replied Harry, "let it alone, and it will die of itself."

Some time ago a fellow was charged in the Glasgow police court with stealing a herring barrel from a person in Stockwell Street. After the charge had been proved, the principal accuser addressed the court:

"'Deed, Sir Bailie, the man at the bar is a great rogue; the stealing of the barrel is naething to some of his tricks. He stole my sign-board last week, and what does yer honor think he done with it?"

"That would be hard for me to say."

"Well, Sir, I'll tell you. He brought it into me own shop, wi' my ain name on't, and offered to sell me't, and he said he thought it would be of mair use to me than any body else."

The following anecdote is related of Dr. Arne, the celebrated music composer of last century:

Two gentlemen having differed in opinion which was the best singer, it was agreed to leave the case to Dr. Arne, who having heard them both, observed to the last gentleman that sung:

"Sir, without offense, you are the *worst* singer I ever heard in all my life."

"There! there!" exclaimed the other, exultingly, "I told you so."

"Sir," said the Doctor, "you must not say a word, for *you* can not sing at all."

Margery, what did you do with that tallow that Mr. Jones greased his boots with this morning?"

"Please, Marm, I baked the griddle cakes with it."

"You did; I thought you had wasted it."

A drunken man fell from a building down east and was instantly killed. The verdict of the coroner's jury was—"Died for want of the Maine law."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, June* 29, 1857.

THE foreign trade of the port last week was not particularly large. It compares as follows with last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending June 27, 1857	$2,501,477....	$940,076
Corresponding week, 1856	3,527,969....	1,226,230
Decrease	$1,026,492....	$.86,154

The export of specie very slightly exceeded two millions, which, perhaps, was less than was expected, and was nearly compensated by the arrival from California on Saturday. It is estimated that the Banks will show this evening a specie reserve of eleven millions. Money is slightly dearer. First-class names are sold at 9 per cent., and money is very hard to procure on inferior classes. Exchange, however, grew dull toward the close of the week, and this seems to promise a cessation of the heavy shipments.

Stocks are generally lower, except some State Stocks, which are in demand for banking purposes, and are higher. New York Central has suffered a decline of 5 per cent. Illinois Central is sold, seller's option, at 122; Cleveland and Toledo at 52; Michigan Central at 81; Erie at 25; Michigan Southern at 36; and the general list in proportion. These prices will seem incredible to persons who dealt in these securities twelve months ago.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, June* 29, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets exhibited partially renewed vigor during the past week. Breadstuffs were less abundant, while they were generally in good request for home use, and, to some extent, for export, chiefly to the continent of Europe. Prices of Flour advanced considerably, though the closing tendency was in favor of buyers, as the supplies were increasing more rapidly than the requirements of dealers. We now quote: Ordinary to extra State Flour $5 20 @ $6 00; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 30 @ $6 60; low to choice extra Western do. $6 65 @ $10 25; fancy to extra Genesee do. $7 15 @ $9 75; superfine to extra Canadian do. $6 30 @ $ 0 0; low mixed to choice extra Southern do. $7 30 @ $10 00; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 25 @ $6 00; Corn Meal, $4 00 for Jersey, and $4 25 @ $4 30 for Brandywine, per barrel. Included in the sales of Flour were a few lots of Carmichael's Mill's branding—made in Augusta, Ga., from new wheat. They were about the earliest of the season, and they brought $9 85 per barrel here. Wheat, of prime quality, was in light supply and fair demand, at full rates. White, old, $1 73 @ $1 97; Red, old, $1 50 @ $1 72½, per bushel. On Wednesday last a lot (the first this season), of one hundred bushels, new crop Georgia white Wheat was received and sold at $2 50 per bushel. The quality was fair. On Saturday another small lot of new, white Georgia Wheat, of prime quality, changed hands at $2 25 per bushel. Some new, red North Carolina Wheat also appeared in market, but did not change hands. It was the first lot of the kind received here this season. Corn opened briskly at rising prices, but closed tamely and languidly: Mixed 85 @ 86 c.; Yellow 88 @ 90 c.; White 88 @ 96 c.; Rye $1 17 @ $1 20; Western Oats 66 @ 68 c.; State do. 63 @ 67 c.; Jersey do. 62 @ 66 c.; Southern do. 56 @ 60 c.; and Barley $1 45 @ $1 75, per bushel. Cotton was in moderate request at strenghening rates. Middling Uplands 14½; do. Gulfs 14½ @ 14½, per pound. Provisions were in lively demand. Hog products decreased in value, but other articles were unchanged. We now quote: Mess Pork $21 50; Prime Pork, $18 85; Country Mess Beef $14 00 @ $15 00, per barrel; Prime Mess Beef $28 00 @ $30 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $22 00 @ $24 00 per barrel; Bacon 11½ @ 13 c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 14 @ 14½ c.; New State Butter 18 @ 26 c.; Cheese 6 @ 10½ c. per pound. Coffee and Teas were in good request, and were quite stiffly held, while Sugars and Molasses were dull and somewhat nominal in value, though not cheaper. Hay was arriving, and selling freely at 60 @ 70 c. per 100 pounds. Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds appeared inactive at old figures. A moderate inquiry existed for Rice and Tobacco, which were steady in price. Domestic Whisky was plenty and procurable toward the close at 32½ c. per gallon. Wool was sparingly dealt in at about previous quotations.

Freights were very tame, and rates were somewhat nominal. To Liverpool—Cotton, 2s. 6d. @ 3s. per bale; Flour, 6d. per barrel; Grain, 2¼d. @ 2½d. per bushel; Beef, 6d. @ 9d. per tierce; Rosin, 3d. @ 6d. per barrel; and Heavy Goods, 7s. 6d. per ton. For other ports, proportionate quotations. The number of vessels in this port on Saturday was 743, including 28 steamers, 153 ships, 144 barks, 123 brigs, and 291 schooners.

The Live Stock Market manifested less firmness and less buoyancy, especially for Beeves, the supply of which exceeded the requirements of buyers. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, comprised 3133 Beeves, 231 Milch Cows, 887 Veal Calves, 7338 Sheep and Lambs, and 2216 Swine, against 2567 Beeves, 270 Milch Cows, 969 Veal Calves, 8586 Sheep and Lambs, and 3056 Swine, the preceding week. Most of the fresh cattle were from Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, New York, and Indiana. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 10 c. for the poorest, to 13½ c. for premium cattle, per pound—the general average having been 12 c. per pound. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were less sought after, and $3 00 @ $5 00 per head cheaper. The abundance of rain furnishes plenty of grass, thus keeping up a good supply of milk. The range of prices was from $25 00 for common, to $70 00 for extra, per head. Veal Calves were less abundant, and were in request at firmer rates, viz., 5 @ 8½ c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were quite plenty, and 50 c. @ $1 00, each, cheaper, yet not active. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from $3 00 @ $7 00 per head. Swine were saleable and steady at 7 @ 7½ c. for live, and 8 @ 9½ for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market exhibited no really new feature. New vegetables are quite plenty and cheaper, with a lively demand for such as are in good condition, which consumers buy freely. The recent inclement weather has retarded the ripening of early fruits, and strawberries especially lack that fine flavor and sweetness which a few warm, sunny days would give them. These are unusually abundant, and prices are irregular. Some Watermelons and Pumpkins are arriving from the West Indies, and are selling at high rates. Eggs are plentier and rather cheaper, with a moderate demand for them.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, Dried, State, per pound.....	10	@	12½
Strawberries, per 100 baskets........	$1 50	@	$4 50
Cherries, per pound	10	@	16
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound...	16	@	20
Gooseberries, per bushel..............	$2 50	@	$4 00
Potatoes, old, per barrel.............	$2 50	@	$4 00
" new, per barrel	$4 00	@	$6 50
" Sweet, per barrel............	$3 50	@	$4 00
Onions, new, per barrel...............	$3 00	@	$3 50
" per pound	1½	@	2
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches......	$3 50	@	$4 50
Tomatoes, per box.....................	75	@	$1 00
Asparagus, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 50
Spinach, per barrel....................	50	@	87½
Lettuce, per hundred	$1 00	@	$1 25
Rhubarb, per dozen....................	75	@	$1 00
Green Peas, per barrel................	$1 50	@	—
" per basket	50	@	60
White Beans, per bushel..............	$2 00	@	$2 25
String Beans, new, per barrel	$5 00	@	—
Radishes, per 100 bunches	$1 25	@	$1 50
Squashes, new, per barrel	$4 00	@	$4 50
Parsley, per 100........................	$2 00	@	—
Watermelons, per 100	$30 00	@	—
Beets, per barrel........................	$4 00	@	$5 00
Butter, Western, per pound	16	@	21
" State, per pound	18	@	26
Cheese, State, per pound.............	6	@	10½
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	17	@	18
Fowls, per pound.......................	13	@	15
Live Fowls, per pair	68	@	98
Ducks, Domestic, per pair............	95	@	$1 00
Turkeys, per pound	18	@	17
Geese, per pound	10	@	14
Pigeons, wild, per dozen	75	@	$1 25
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen	$2 00	@	$2 50
Beef, per pound	9	@	15
Mutton, per pound	9	@	12½
Lamb, per pound	11	@	14
Veal, per pound	9	@	11
Pork, per pound.........................	9	@	9½

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